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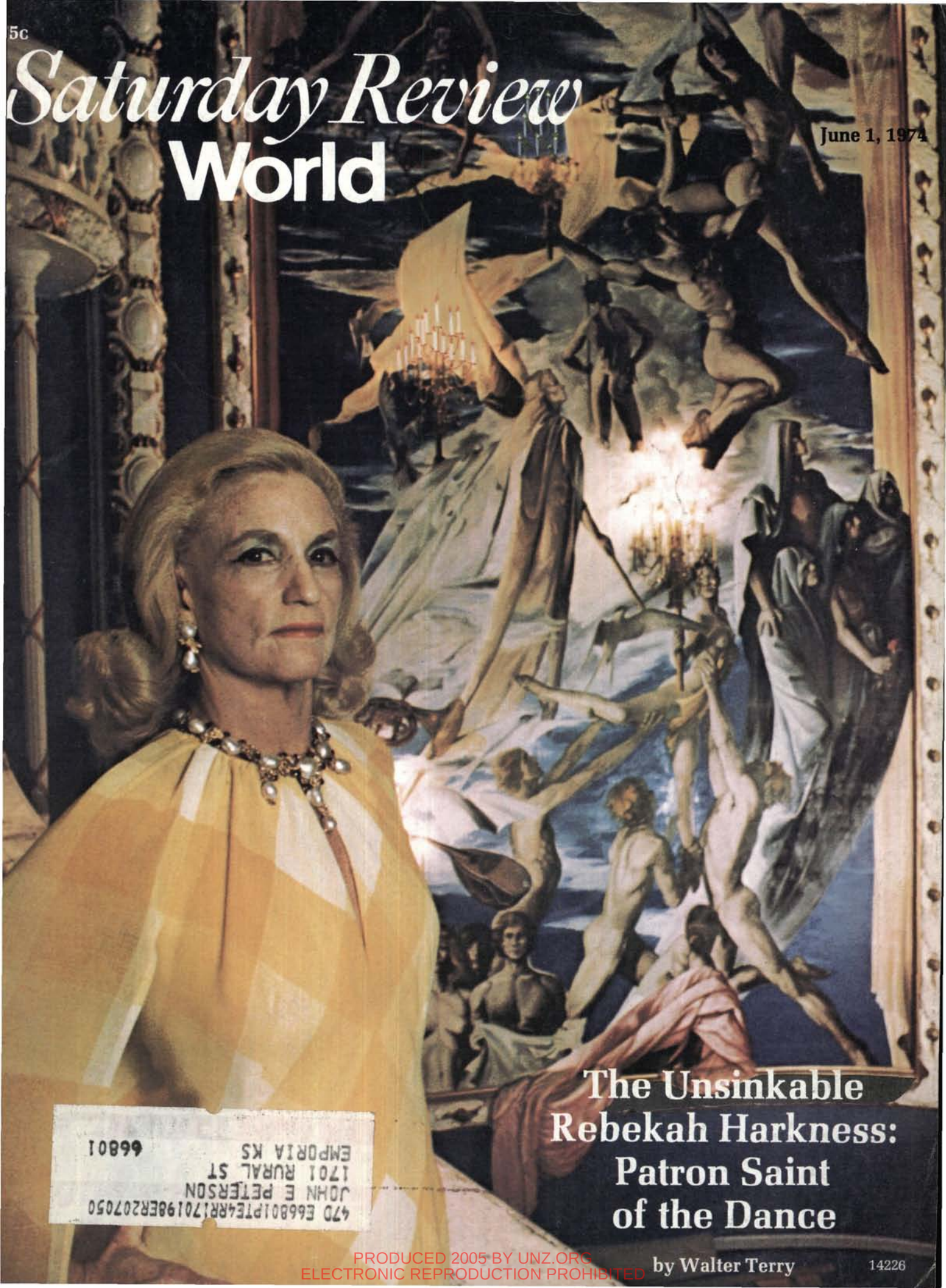
Saturday Review World

June 1, 1974



The Unsinkable Rebekah Harkness: Patron Saint of the Dance

by Walter Terry

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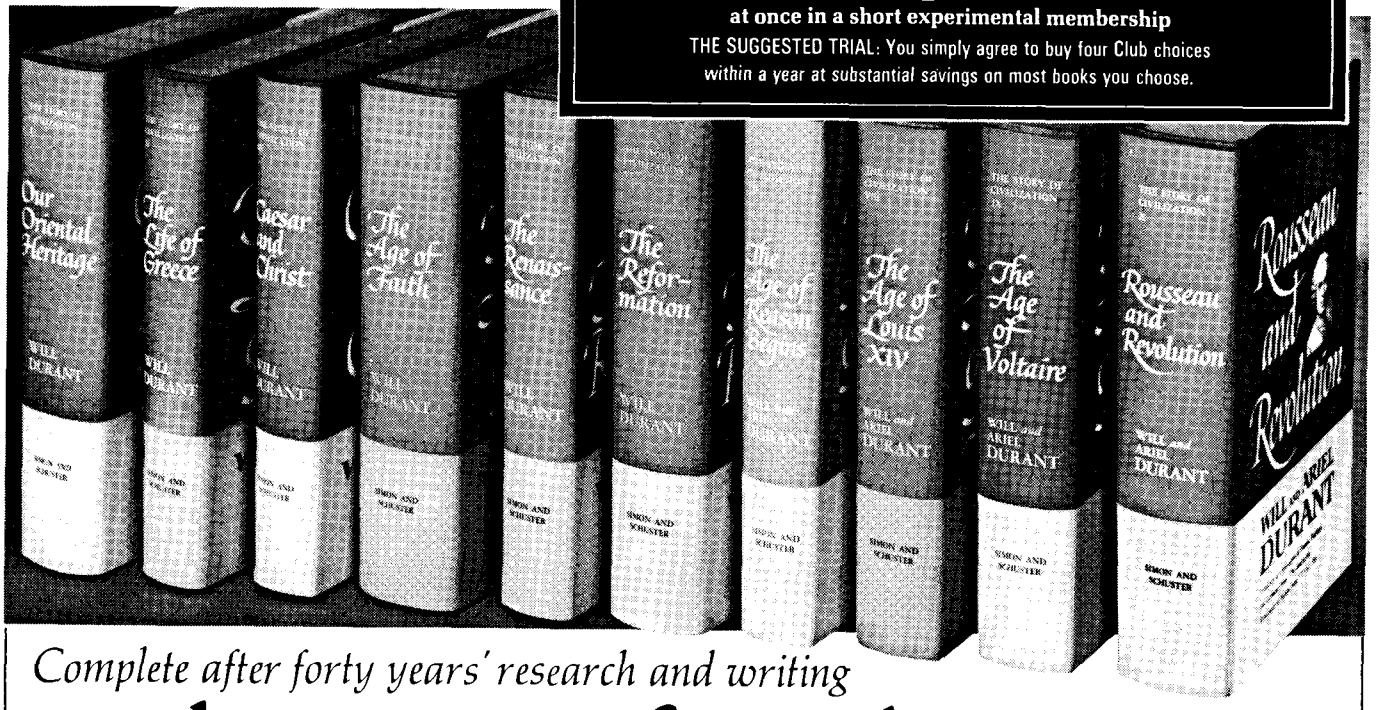

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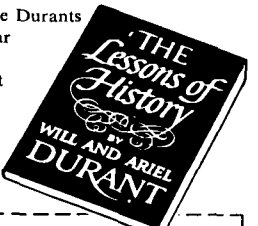

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A Report on Jews in the USSR

Moscow (by cable)

After talking to knowledgeable observers and members of the Jewish community in the Soviet Union, I have an enlarged awareness of the extent to which the position of Jewish citizens here is affected by a wide range of complicated factors other than the prejudice carried over from Czarist times.

The dilemma of Soviet Jewry is that almost every plus they manage to achieve tends to produce a trail of minuses. Several years ago, for example, in response to worldwide protests, the government allowed Jews a special exemption from the law forbidding Soviet citizens to change their nationality. This exemption cleared the way for Jews to go to Israel, but the result was an increase of anti-Jewish feeling among the general population, since it was felt that Jews were now receiving preferential treatment. The interpretation of emigration as a special privilege was underscored when it was discovered that a number of non-Jewish citizens had presented falsified applications for emigration to Israel. Some had claimed they were married to Jewish partners; others, that they were of Jewish ancestry. A black market in the sale of spurious visas was uncovered. Needless to say, the change in the Soviet laws permitting Jews to emigrate did not decrease the day-to-day difficulties of those who stayed behind.

Another example: Shortly after the emigration laws were changed, the government imposed a departure tax in order to compensate Soviet society for having provided free education and specialized training. The government claimed it had made a substantial investment in educating people who now intended to give another nation the benefits of that education. The resultant protest, especially in the United States, with which the Soviet Union wanted to improve its relations, became so severe that the government rescinded the departure tax. (Soviet officials today don't understand why the revocation of the tax hasn't received anything like the attention the original imposition received.)

The withdrawal of the tax made emigration easier, but this, too, was not without a boomerang effect. Universities, research laboratories, and government agencies, where Jewish specialists had achieved important positions, now became reluctant to take on new Jewish personnel because of the risk of rapid and costly turnover. The result was a chain-reaction effect. The more difficult it became for Jews to get good jobs, the greater became the incentive to leave, which in turn decreased the chances of desirable employment for Jews who were looking for jobs.

Complicating matters further still are the unsettled conditions in the Middle East. For the past few months, applications for exit permits have fallen off noticeably. Moreover, some Soviet Jews who had already moved to Israel have found it difficult to make the adjustment. Their letters to friends or family in the Soviet Union have not been entirely rhapsodic.

All these facts interact with the historical background of anti-Semitism in this part of the world. Prejudice against Jews in Russia—much of it religious in origin—goes back a thousand years. It was responsible for the wave of Jewish emigration in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The current Soviet constitution outlaws discrimination against minority groups, and the general climate for Jews has become incomparably better than in the old days, but prejudice in various forms has persisted in some sectors of the population. Of fundamental importance, however, is the fact that the full range of education was not denied to Jews. There was hardly a Jewish family that did not take the fullest advantage of such education, with the result that the proportion of Jewish scientists, academicians, medical specialists, engineers, lawyers, and other professionals to their total number is greater than that of any other minority group. Income among Jews is therefore higher than the average, a fact that doesn't ease the atavistic prejudice among some people. Jews are not necessarily more numerous or articulate among the political dissenters than members of other minorities, but they are more identifiable, and the activities of the individual are usually charged to the group.

In the past year or so, sixty thousand Soviet Jews have received exit permits for Israel. As stated earlier, the applications for visas have fallen off sharply in recent months. Jewish leaders here are no longer proceeding on the assumption that hundreds of thousands of Soviet Jews will be processed for emigration to Israel. The present estimate is that another sixty thousand—at most ninety thousand—will want to go and that this will substantially complete the exodus.

For those who stay behind and have already won acceptance for themselves in their professions or occupations, life is not apt to be any more difficult than it has been. But for some of the younger people who are seeking advanced education or who will seek positions equal to their specialized training, the problem could be severe. This is one area where outside help and concern may have beneficial effect.

N.C.

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The Twilight of the Gods

What has happened to the "hero" in American public life? Where are those figures who can command our unqualified admiration and whose leadership we would gladly follow? What is there about the present day that makes it difficult for persons of stature to achieve national impact? Statistically, our 200 million people should produce more capable leaders today than we have had at any other time. Why can't we find them?

One answer, perhaps, is that we are going through a discouraging period in our history. Our confidence in this country's mission in the world—once almost an article of religious faith to Americans—has been shaken. We have been highly successful as a nation; we have expanded our influence in the world. But we have finally come to our limit and are now in a period of retrenchment. Apart from the personal successes of Henry Kissinger in foreign policy, almost every major attempt that we have recently made seems to have failed. There is no glory in failure. It is difficult to find gods in our midst in an era when historical forces are pulling the wrong way.

Also, alas, a whole generation of officials who could have been leaders or elder statesmen has been virtually lost. Practically everyone connected with the Vietnam affair has been tarnished. This tarnishing process will become even more pronounced with time. Only an occasional figure seems to have come through unblemished—none of the others are likely to be leaders again. Similarly, the reputation of everyone even indirectly involved in Watergate, or closely connected with the administration that spawned it, has been seriously damaged.

Some have said that this vacuum results from our failure as a nation—that people get the leadership, or lack of it, that they deserve. But I find this outlook difficult to accept: I have too much confidence in the American people, and I know of too many historical examples that disprove such a notion.

One of our problems is that many potential heroes are cut down early in their careers. There is a persistent public tendency to "level" anyone who seeks to rise above the crowd. There is almost nothing a man in public life can do that does not lend itself to distortion and calumny. Usually, political opponents and sensational elements in the media combine to discredit those who offer themselves for a public career. Few emerge with honor. As a result, the average eligible man is reluctant to expose his reputation—or the well-being of his family—to such attacks.

At one time, government pay was absurdly small and undoubtedly deflected capable people from the public arena. Fortunately, this is no longer true. We already run the risk, in fact, that men will be attracted by the financial rewards and other perquisites of office—not to mention raw power—rather than by the desire to serve.

Our great increase in population is also an important factor. Because the number of top government positions remains the same, the opportunities for personal contact with the voter—and consequently for personal leadership—decrease. This perhaps explains the trend toward superficiality and artificiality in our personal contacts generally. We now know our leaders largely through the media—we are perhaps influenced less by what they say on issues than by how well they come across on television.

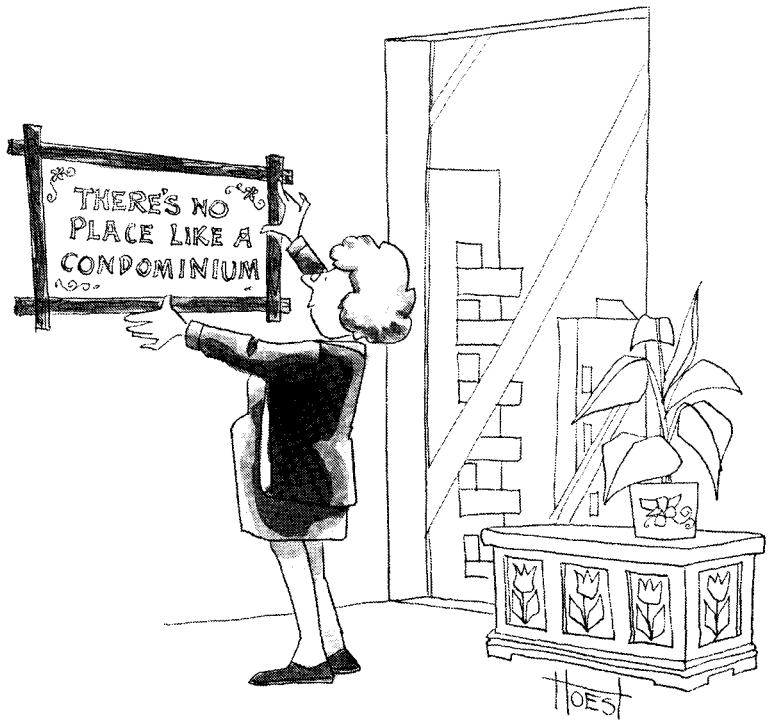
Some appear to be drawn to public life out of a feeling of inferiority: They seek confidence through public recognition. Those who feed on such approval are reluctant to take unpopular courses lest they expose themselves to unbearable criticism. If a man's personal advantage, whether from material or psychological gain, transcends the importance of the public contribution he can make, he is of no use to his country.

How can we find leaders who do not suffer these disadvantages—who can approach public tasks with confidence and serenity? We cannot return to the aristocratic system by which Europe was traditionally governed and which provided such assurance. We have no hereditary aristocracy, nor would we tolerate one. We do, however, produce many potential leaders who can be singled out for their personal accomplishments. A product of our system who has on his own achieved success in private life should have no feeling of insecurity in government.

I am convinced that there are leaders among us. Times of great stress and peril—such as the present—have traditionally provided the stimulus that brings leaders forth. We must make it possible for them to emerge. We must learn to spot the insincere, the self-seeking, the opportunistic, and the insecure, so as not to fall into the trap of elevating them to a leadership they do not deserve.

The challenge to us as Americans is to recognize men of character and solid accomplishment; to be sure they seek public office out of a genuine desire to serve; to select officeholders for their stated positions on relevant issues, rather than for their charisma—and then, above all, to *give them a chance*. Then only will the gods return to their heaven!

GEORGE C. MCGHEE



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Letters From Readers

Mrs. Lincoln's History

I am appalled that *SR/W*, in electing to publish an "updated" analysis of Mary Todd Lincoln, went to Irving Stone . . . because Linda Levitt Turner, my sister, is presently the nation's leading authority on Mrs. Lincoln ("Mary Todd Lincoln: Second Thoughts on Our Most Vilified First Lady," February 9). With her father-in-law, Justin G. Turner, Mrs. Turner compiled the first complete collection of Mrs. Lincoln's letters and wrote a brilliant biographical narrative, *Mary Todd Lincoln: Her Life and Letters*, which was published in 1972 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. . . . Therefore, it is nothing short of infuriating that Irving Stone, in his introduction to the article, made it appear as if no major research on Mary Todd Lincoln had been undertaken since he had written *Love Is Eternal*—a novel. The irony is that Mr. Stone is far from being in the dark about the Turner work, and he knows the Turners personally. . . .

Both the magazine and the author ignored not only the Turners' massive study . . . but also the pioneer work of Ruth Painter Randall, who was the first historian to recognize that Mrs. Lincoln's reputation had been unjustly blackened by William Herndon. . . .

Rosalind Levitt
Beverly Hills, California

Telling It Like It Is

I agree with N.C. concerning our stammering society ("The Stammering Society," March 23). I mean, man, he tells it like it is! You know, our language is like polluted.

When I go streaking—er—I mean hurrying off to work, my heart is young and gay—er—I mean happy. At lunch I split—er—I mean share a sandwich with a friend. In the evening I rip off—er—I mean remove the wrappings from my frozen dinner. On Sunday I go to church, but when the minister refers to Stephen as being stoned—man—I simply can't write on! I dig—er—I mean I enjoy your magazine from cover to cover.

Ursula Bowden
Santa Barbara, California

N.C. has confused the word *decline* with the word *change*. A language does not decline; it changes. Nobody speaks Shakespearean English today. Someday no one will be speaking American English the way it is spoken today. That does not mean English is declining, becoming incoherent, or causing our mentality to become feeble. N.C. is confusing prescriptive grammar with descriptive grammar. . . . Just because some people speak English differently, do not assume that your dialect is the superior. That is only your and society's perception of acceptability.

It is incorrect and unjust to attribute the change in our language to youth who have long hair and who wear blue jeans. . . . I am (or rather, was) part of that segment of youth who were protesters, and I am still amazed at their articulateness. They certainly never mumbled their protestations; how else would anyone have known what they were protesting?

Stop living in the past. For every word that is being dropped from general usage, there is a new word to take its place.

Margaret O. Bustion
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

"I'll tell you one thing, Hapgood—you'll never break organic bread in our house."

Trustees in the Middle

As Chairman of the Board of Governors of a Canadian university I naturally read with interest the article by John F. Budd, Jr. ("Are College Trustees Obsolete?" March 9). . . . Unhappily, virtually everything he writes about the abdication of responsibility on the part of trustees in the United States is equally pertinent to the situation here in Canada.

Can we trustees redeem ourselves at this late date? Probably not, since the real power is now divided between governments, which provide most of the financial support for universities, and the faculty, which increasingly dominates the decision-making process.

B. D. Sandwell
Don Mills, Ontario

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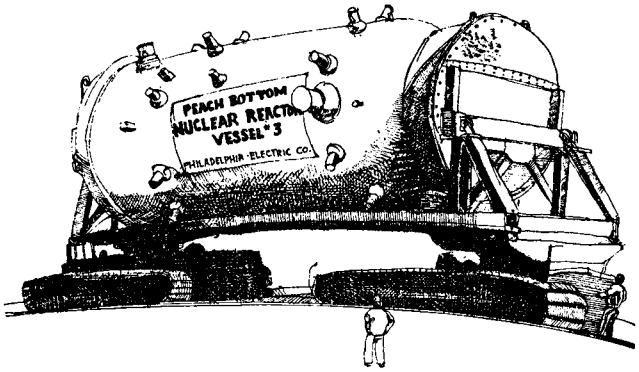
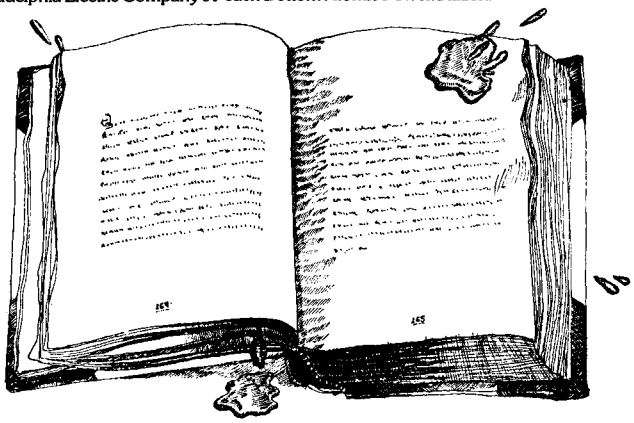
"A company's contribution to society may be measured best by observing over a period of time its profitability, its responsiveness to customers' needs, and its accountability to society's expectations of good corporate citizenship."*



For instance, Insurance Company of North America.

A sales leader in multi-line insurance packages and excess fire insurance to businesses of all sizes, INA achieved this position by making insurance do what businessmen needed, often by inventing new kinds of coverage. For example, INA insured the first atomic submarine under the North Pole, and Sir Edmund Hillary's Mount Everest expedition.

Recently INA's Marine Department insured one of the largest objects ever transported over sea and land in America, a 1,050-ton reactor vessel for Philadelphia Electric Company's Peach Bottom Atomic Power Station.



For instance, Recovery Services International.

RSI's business—subrogation, salvage and collection—leads to some imaginative problem-solving. For example, RSI discovered that waterlogged books, clothing, business records, even watches, could be restored in a thermal vacuum space simulation chamber.

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For instance, Compagnie Financière de Suez.

INA Corporation owns approximately 10% of Suez, one of the largest diversified holding companies in Europe. This has led to a number of other ventures into French insurance and real estate.

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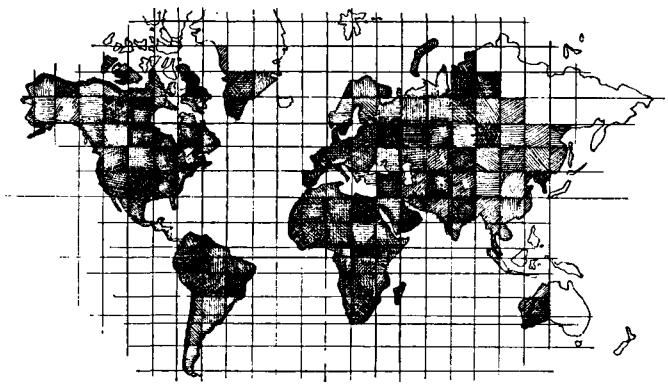

For instance, INA Reinsurance Company.

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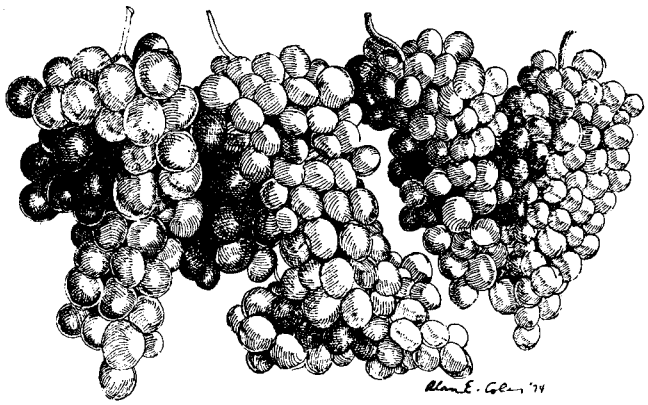

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HAYDN
Cello Concerto in C (with Boccherini: Concerto in B Flat). S-36439
Cello Concerto in D (with Monn: Cello Concerto in G Minor). S-36580

SCHUMANN
Cello Concerto in A Minor (with Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 1 in A Minor). S-36642

ELGAR
Cello Concerto in E Minor (with "encore pieces" by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Falla and Bruch). S-36338

CHOPIN
Cello Sonata in G Minor (with Franck: Sonata in A). S-36937

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Dr. Weissmuller, I Presume?

Silver Springs, Florida

Florida is the only state where the animal that you see being milked is likely to be a snake. This old proverb—about three weeks old—occurred to me about three weeks ago as I staggered out of the Ross Allen Reptile Institute in Silver Springs, after a guided tour during which herpetologists lovingly fondled crocodiles, cobras, and other members of the Reptilia class and even passed among us with a python so that we could prove to ourselves that snakes are cold-blooded and not slimy to the touch. (I've got nothing against herpetologists—I just wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.) They showed us how they milk the snakes for venom, and not far from the milking station was a scoreboard that said:

Snakes milked as of 12/31/73	363,000
Snake bites, institute personnel	82
Number of fatalities	0

Seldom had I seen the laws of nature and science in such precise balance. Man has tamed the snake bite, but he hasn't tamed the snake. Both are doing something that gives them satisfaction.

Still, I had no yen to be the first person to change that goose egg to a "one," and I was relieved to emerge from Allen's compound, which is part of a cluster of tourist attractions at Silver Springs, and rejoin my warm-blooded fellow sightseers. Whether *they* are slimy to the touch is not the issue here. The point is that to travel through Florida is to slip away from the realities that govern life elsewhere in the United States. If I wasn't being asked to feel a snake, I was walking through a parrot jungle or an African wildlife reserve, or looking at live mermaids, or being shown a tower from which men were shot to the moon.

BUT MY STRANGEST BRUSH was still to come. I decided to take a ride in one of the glass-bottomed boats for which Silver Springs has long been famous. Writers have visited the area, in fact, since the early 1870s, when Harriet Beecher Stowe rhapsodized that "there is nothing on earth comparable to it" and William Cullen Bryant said that the springs were like "a well of transparent water, so clear you can see at great depth the fish with which they abound." Surely a writer peering into that great depth 100 years later would find the water as transparent, the fish as abounding.

Our boat, the Chief Yahalochee, put out from the dock, and we all leaned over to look through the glass bottom. It was a beautiful sight—fish scurrying by as if they were in the heart of nature—and soon we were over the first of the many deep springs that together are the source of the Silver River. I looked down into it and saw a sunken rowboat.

"You folks may notice a rowboat down there," our guide said, correctly surmising what we had noticed. "That's a prop left over from a Jerry Lewis movie called *Don't Give Up the Ship*."

We all studied the ship that Lewis evidently did give up, and then the boat moved on to a spring that was slightly deeper. Nestled near the bottom—very clear in the clear water—was a large statue. "That statue was used in the 'I Spy' series on television," our guide explained.

Next, we proceeded to the deepest spring of all—eighty-one feet deep, a place of wonder and mystery. "For those of you who saw *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*," our guide said, "that's where the creature came out." *I* saw *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*, and I remember the scaly intruder popping his head up from the primordial ooze—the artifice of Hollywood at its best, real enough to make me think that some monster from the Mesozoic era might easily crawl out of the storm sewers of Scarsdale or Secaucus—and now the memory of what had come out of the "lagoon" was stronger than the imprint on my mind of the spring itself.

There wasn't much more. We looked down into several other springs, which were relatively free of Hollywood trappings, and turned back. On the way I noticed a man fishing from a rowboat tied along the river bank. I never saw a more classic angler. His hat was perched at exactly the right tilt; his sportsman's shirt was colorful but not gaudy; the very angle of his rod and line and the pensive look on his face were as perfect as if composed by Norman Rockwell. I was therefore only slightly surprised when a diver with an underwater camera surfaced from beneath his boat.

"That's Homer Circle, fishing editor of *Sports Afield*," our guide announced. "They're filming a TV show called 'The Bass Man.'"

I knew I had to get farther up the river, and when we returned to the dock,

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I took what was advertised as a "jungle cruise" on a bigger boat. At first I was not optimistic. We were shown a clearing where MGM filmed *The Yearling*, another clearing where Gary Cooper made *Distant Drums*, a pool where Esther Williams swam in *Jupiter's Darling*, and a road where, according to our guide, Rock Hudson and Claudia Cardinale "drove a panel truck into the water in *Blindfold* and then rode a mule back into the jungle"—a scene I'm glad I missed.

But after that it was pure tropics. The jungle stretched out on both sides of the river. We saw alligators and turtles along the banks, wild pigs in the interior, blue herons overhead. Short of paddling up the Congo in a dugout, this was as close as most of us would come to being in the heart of Africa.

Suddenly a multitude of monkeys came chattering through the trees to greet us. I saw big monkeys and small monkeys, old monkeys and baby monkeys—more monkeys than I had ever seen before. Now we really *were* in the heart of Africa—this wasn't like seeing monkeys in a zoo.

"This part of the river, folks," our guide said, breaking the primeval mood, "is where the first Tarzan movies were made, back in the early Thirties, with Johnny Weissmuller. When they finished the last film, a couple of monkeys escaped into the jungle, and over the years they have reproduced. Today we've got about two hundred monkeys on the river."

So there was to be no refuge from Hollywood that afternoon—or, probably, ever. In the nation that essentially invented the movie and became a wholesale manufacturer of dreams, purveyor to the world of a reality more real than life itself, it was no longer easy to tell where the edges of fact left off and film began. I stared at the monkeys. They looked as if they had been there since the dawn of time. Now was I supposed to think of them as mere props? Impossible. I was in Tarzan's Africa, a place far more vivid to me than Florida. In fact, as I peered past the monkeys into the darkness of the dark continent, I could have sworn that I saw the dim figure of a man, dressed in a lion skin, swinging through the branches, and I thought I heard a cry that sounded like "Ja-a-a-ne!"

Was I dreaming? Only Louis B. Mayer would know, and he's long since gone on the great Technicolor jungle cruise.

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World Progress Report

Legal Machinery

Lawyers build new cases out of old ones. The search for the appropriate precedents that will lead the court to the desired decision often costs an attorney hours, even days or weeks, in the stacks of a law library.

Even for a relatively simple case, the task can be formidable. Today's burgeoning legal archives already include more than 3 million decisions and 150,000 statutes. The cost of sorting through them is passed on to clients in the astronomical hourly rates that lawyers charge, a fact that helps make litigations a luxury for the well-to-do.

At present, for instance, a lawyer suing on behalf of a child injured in a fall down an open elevator shaft looks for precedents under such broad legal classifications as "negligence," "attractive nuisance," or "tort," only to find he must cull thousands upon thousands of citations before locating the few that serve his particular case.

With a new computer research system called LEXIS, however, all the inquiring attorney has to do is type out the key words in the case: "elevator shaft," "fall," "child," "injury." The system will almost instantly refer him to all the cases in which all these key words or phrases figure. The addition of other key words can narrow the search much further before the actual book work begins.

Thus, a simple habeas corpus action alleging that bail is too high may begin with the request for "habeas corpus" cases. When LEXIS responds that it has 1633 such cases in its memory, the questioner might add "high bail" to his description, thereby saving himself days in the library.

Developed by Mead Data Central, Inc. —whose president, Jerry Rubin, is both a lawyer and a physicist—LEXIS has already memorized the New York and Ohio statutes, the Internal Revenue Code, the Treasury's Tax Regulations, and all Supreme Court decisions. With its unlimited appetite for legal food for thought, the system is soon to be fed all the laws of the fifty states as well as of the federal government.

Vampire Batting

Dracula fans and other *aficionados* of the occult may continue to quail in terror at the sanguine antics of vampire bats. But the real threat posed by the furry, fanged, flying mammals may soon be a thing of the past. As many as 1 million head of livestock in Latin America die each year from rabies carried by the vampires, which feed on the blood of living animals. Millions more are debilitated by the loss of blood, becoming less productive and more susceptible to disease. Horses as well as cattle are affected by bat-borne rabies, and there is evidence that the vampires carry the fatal equine encephalomyelitis virus.

After a lengthy program funded by the U.S. Agency for International Development, U.S. and Mexican governmental agencies have developed methods of poisoning the vampires without harming their hosts. In one method a blood coagulant, such as diphenadione, is injected into the host in a quantity fatal to the bats that drink its blood but harmless to the cow or horse. In an alternative technique, the poison is applied to the bodies of captured bats, which carry it back to their hidden caves to eliminate the entire colony. The development of the vampire-control techniques was accompanied by the training of 245 veterinarians from Latin American countries plagued by the killer bats.

"Oh, Peter, I want that vase, and I'm certain he's not going to call us back to haggle."

Play It Again, Igor

The philistine aversion some conservative concertgoers feel for the cacophonies of much contemporary classical music has recently received some semi-scientific justification. According to a study by a duo of Frankfurt psychiatrists, the musicians suffer even more than the audience does.

Surveying the 208 occupants of musical chairs in three orchestras, the researchers found that those with a strong dose of modern music in their repertoires also had high scores for nervousness, *irritability*, *insomnia*, headaches, depression, and sexual impotence. After performing certain especially strong modern compositions, the psychologists report, the entire orchestra often felt indisposed, but their ailments disappeared with a return to traditional, more harmonious works.

Speculating on the etiology of the epidemic of *mal de music*, the study suggests that "musicians are disappointed because they are unable to apply in contemporary music nearly everything they have learned artistically. This is coupled with the feeling of sinking into an anonymous mass, in which individual abilities are neither applicable, nor audible, nor required." ANTHONY WOLFF

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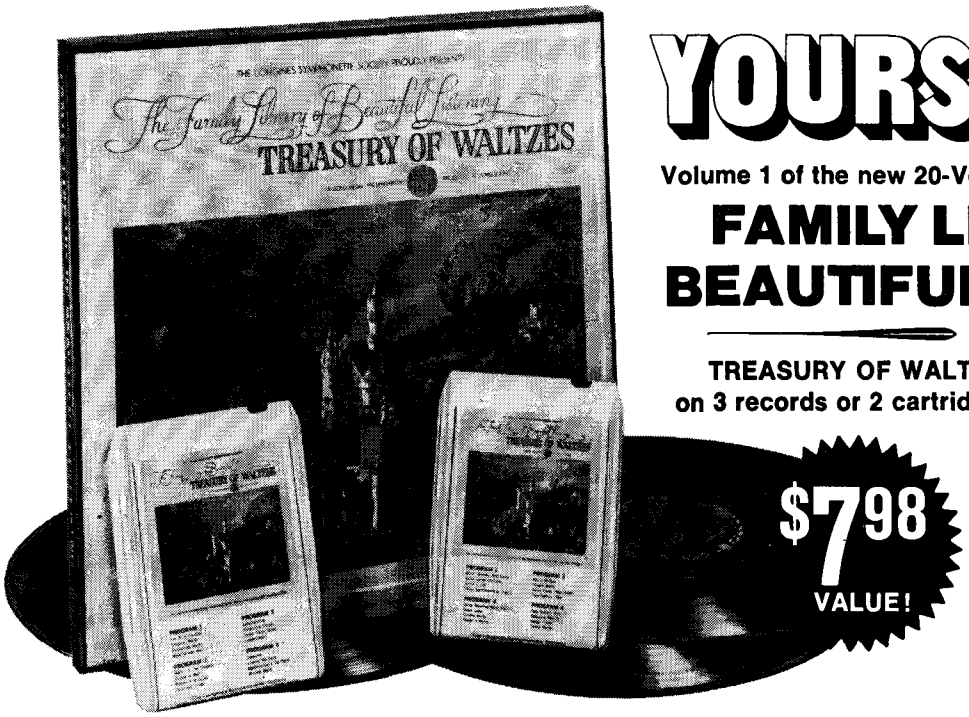

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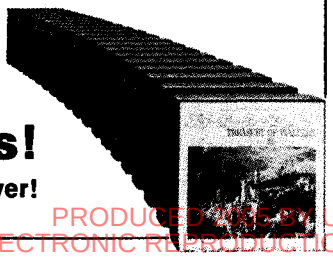

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Martha Swope

Queen Rebekah—"If I was going to do something, I was going to do it right."

The Unsinkable Rebekah Harkness

Sharp-tongued, autocratic, and mistress of a Croesus-like fortune, she bestrides the world of the dance like a latter-day Catherine de Medici.

by Walter Terry

Rebekah Semple West Pierce Harkness Kean Harkness—whose Harkness Theater of the dance recently opened on Broadway—is sole mistress of a truly mind-boggling personal fortune. Estimates of her worth run from a quarter of a billion dollars to more than half a billion—minus, of course, her $5 million outlay for the Harkness Theater.

In her lavish patronage of the arts and in her taste for luxury and beauty, Rebekah Harkness resembles, in truth, Catherine de Medici, the sixteenth-century queen of France who dipped into royal capital to underwrite the world's first ballet, an extravaganza called *Ballet comique de la reine.*

Like Catherine the queen, Rebekah Harkness is, at the age of fifty-nine, a fairly accomplished and very hard-working dancer. But here she has the edge on Catherine, for the most that gentlemen of the French court could hope for was a glimpse of an ankle as the queen's floor-length skirts swirled in the dance. By contrast, the staff, students, and visitors at the multi-million-dollar Harkness House for Ballet Arts (on Seventy-fifth Street off Fifth Avenue) can catch more than mere glimpses of Rebekah Harkness's yoga-trained, still-lovely body as, wearing a form-hugging leotard, she goes bounding and pirouetting through rigorous dance exercises.

Fortunately for the dance world, Mrs. Harkness is nowhere near as mean and vindictive as Catherine, who used to deal summarily with those who vexed her—and who had more than somewhat to do with the infamous St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre of thousands of Protestants, in Paris and elsewhere in France, in 1572.

Still, Rebekah Harkness is by no means all sweetness and light: By her own protestation, she is *not* Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. As her late mother once said to me, "Betty—that's what we call her in the family—has always accomplished what she set out to do. But don't get her angry. She's very apt to say, 'Off with their heads!' and mean it." And the truth is that since Rebekah Harkness began her total involvement with ballet enterprises a dozen years ago, heads have indeed fallen right and left on a fairly continuous, though unpredictable, schedule.

What is this enormously rich, powerful, generous, and capricious woman, a phenomenon in twentieth-century arts philanthropy, really like? Physically, she is tall (about five feet, nine inches), slender (with a girlish figure that belies her nearly sixty years), blonde, erect of spine, fast moving (she almost charges from room to room, limousine to portal), and frighteningly inexorable in traversing her path through life. Oddly, in recent years her face has hardened, and her once rather high, girlish voice has become deep and husky.

She is, in matters of etiquette, a polite, gracious woman, as one would expect a debutante-heiress, now grown up, to be. But she seems cold and, despite constant exposure, curiously ill at ease when in public. One senses about her an incredible energy and a wildly volatile set of

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emotional patterns kept under steely control. In private, she laughs easily, rages easily, and talks with great fluency. Her wit is quick, brilliant, and dead center on whatever targets she chooses to hit. She is loads of fun to be with if she likes you, and if she is not angry.

Her rather hard, cold, wisecracking facade disappears when she mentions William Hale Harkness, her second husband, to whom she was married for only seven years, from 1947 until his death in 1954. Though she was born to wealth, it was Harkness, a Standard Oil heir, who bequeathed Mrs. Harkness most of her present enormous fortune. Her mother once said of her daughter's years with Harkness, "It was the best time of her life. She was devoted to Bill and her children. They were her only interest. When he died, she turned to the arts and drove herself remorselessly."

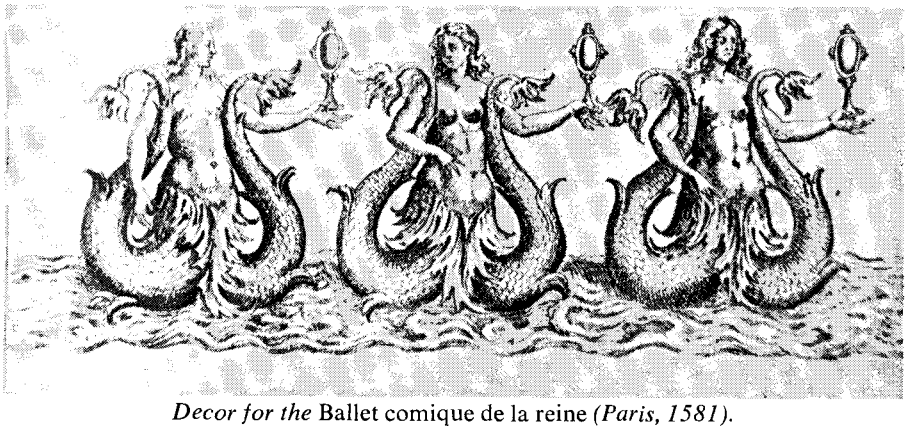
Her "remorseless" pursuit of self-identification with the arts culminated on April 9, 1974, with the opening of the lavish, luxurious, and, to some, outrageously ornate Harkness Theater on Broadway and Sixty-second Street. Built in 1905, the former Colonial Theater has been totally redone by Mrs. Harkness, a gesture that has made her the world's most generous benefactress of the art of dancing since Queen Catherine four centuries ago. With a diamond chaplet in her blonde hair, diamonds on her ears, and a diamond-studded evening bag valued at a quarter of a million dollars resting in her lap, Rebekah Harkness sat that night in her own royal box in her own theater and listened to an audience of international celebrities cheer her for giving New York and, indeed, America a theater devoted exclusively to dance in all of its many manifestations.

The theater's interior is dominated by brightly, perhaps gaudily, painted murals depicting nude male and female figures soaring, bounding, and floating from floor to ceiling (and a likeness, modestly draped, of the patroness herself). The total effect is that of a splendid homage to Terpsichore, the muse of dancing; and the white-and-gold proscenium arch, the black marble floors, the enormous crystal chandeliers, and the Louis XIV chairs in antique gold and "Harkness blue" represent Rebekah's own homage to the art she seeks to serve.

The audience at the premiere gasped, ogled, and gave a standing ovation to the lady herself when she appeared on stage, during an intermission, to receive a citation from the City of New York. Not everyone liked what she had done. Most, of course, took delight in the restoration of the old Colonial Theater's white-and-gold (plaster-and-wood) arches and columns, in the thick light-blue carpeting, in the elegant chairs. But many expressed horror at the murals of the totally nude (from bare buttocks and breasts to genitalia) dancing bodies painted by Enrique Senis-Oliver, who also designed the almost filmy, apricot-colored, jabot-shaped front curtain.

Many others, though, were entranced. One Broadway star said of the curtain, "It's heaven. It's just like a boudoir scene from a Norma Shearer movie." Said a male dancer, "I love the whole place. Even the thing that holds the toilet paper in place in the men's room is fabulous." Indeed, the rest-room plumbing fixtures, simulated-gold figurines, and the elegant lounge couches elicited both astonishment and gratitude as well as greedy fingers (some golden taps were stolen on opening night). Of her murals and her plumbing, Mrs. Harkness says, "Well, if audiences hate the show, they may like the murals; and if they hate them, they may like the theater; and the rest rooms are really attractive, so if they hate everything else, they can go and sit there for a while."

Criticism of her taste irks her. She snaps, "I could have bought a theater, opened the doors, and said, 'This is for dance.' But I didn't think that was good enough. If I was going to do something, I was going to do it right. I think environment is very important. When people pay their good money for theater, they should at least have a change of environment. There's no reason why America



Decor for the Ballet comique de la reine *(Paris, 1581).*

Decor for the Harkness Theater on Broadway (New York, 1974).

Bil Leidersdorf

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shouldn't have something like the old court theaters of Europe. This was not a modernistic theater to begin with. I've restored the outside of it, exposing the lovely brick, and I've restored the original plaster work. This took two years. The murals? Well, I couldn't just put blobs or squares or cubes around. To my mind, the new surrealist paintings fit. Anyhow, they give people something to talk about, and they sure are talking!"

"She has decided that the dance is worth it, but her detractors, very often justified in their criticism of her . . . , have to decide whether she's worth it."

The Catherine de Medici analogy is not lost on Mrs. Harkness: "The arts? They all came out of palaces. Today royalty may not have big pocketbooks, but believe me, there are lots of big pocketbooks around. I hope others with big pocketbooks will come more and more in this direction. Art and medicine are the two things that keep a little peace in this world and are apt to last. When the smoke blows away and the war is over, you will still have Michelangelo and Bach, but you'll have forgotten who the hell General So-and-So is. People of means have a responsibility to leave something behind them when they can, and *plenty* of them can.

"I can't do it all myself. I'm given credit for having a helluva lot more money than I've got, but I've been able to give this theater to dance. Why did I do it? Well, I'd like to leave something behind other than a hangover when I depart, if that's possible! But, seriously, I guess it's a symbol of what I'm trying to do. I think of dance as 'a way of life.' "

Rebekah Semple West began her way of life, remote from both royalty and theater, in St. Louis. The youngest of three children, she was born into a family that had been wealthy, on both sides, for more than a generation. Her mother, Mrs. Allen West, told me, "We always had money. My grandfather became the richest man in Indiana right after the Civil War by piling up seven million dollars. That was a lot of money in those days. On her father's side, her grandfather established the first trust company west of the Mississippi. But what Betty has now, not even I can comprehend." What the affluent Mrs. West could not conceive of was the fortune held by the Harkness families, which was originally inherited from Edward Hale Harkness, John D. Rockefeller's partner in Standard Oil.

The St. Louis childhood was comfortable, with servants, nursemaids, country clubs, travels at home and abroad, and summers spent in the cool of fashionable Watch Hill, Rhode Island, one of the richest resort towns in America, where, at thirty-two, Rebekah West Pierce, a young divorcée, would catch the eye of Bill Harkness as she pedaled her bike along the main street.

As a child, she never gave her parents any trouble. She learned easily, graduated from high school at fifteen, and was very plump and very happy and quite content with an equally plump beau, who took her out driving while Rose, the longtime nursemaid, chaperoned from the rumble seat.

But with her teens came the beginnings of restlessness, the need for adventure. "She raised the dickens," recalled Mrs. West. "I was a constant embarrassment to my parents," Mrs. Harkness remembers. Her brother wasn't much better, so, in the Thirties, their parents packed them off on a round-the-world cruise under the mistaken notion that it would keep them out of mischief. But Rebekah wrote a vulgar poem about the cruise director, and that, along with other escapades, led to their removal from the liner *Empress of Britain* at Singapore. Somehow they managed to get home. But along the way, they stopped off in Spain and thought it would be fun to put on Spanish civil war uniforms. They did—but they were the wrong costumes for the wrong Spaniards, and the pranksters nearly got shot for their lark.

Unexpectedly, Rebekah decided to settle down, and in 1938, she married Dickson Pierce, whom she bore two children, Allen and Anne Terry. When she got angry with her husband, she would go to the piano and bang the hell out of the Tchaikovsky Concerto. According to her mother, that and Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* constituted her two musical numbers. These and a teenage fling at ballet —she sneaked off to perform in scanty attire in a production of *Aida* in St. Louis, much to her father's displeasure— were her modest experiments with the two arts that were to dominate her life and serve as magnets attracting her endless source of dollars.

But not even a thundered Tchaikovsky could save her marriage, so she left Pierce, and since she refused to stay at home in St. Louis, she went to New York and landed a job with a big ad agency, Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn, and, subsequently, with an exclusive dress shop, Mainbocher. "I was a lousy saleslady," she says, "but I did make a sale, just one, and it was the most expensive dress in the establishment. No one seemed to want it, but this woman came in, and I soon found out she was dying to look like Juliet. So I sold her that dress, and believe me, she went out of there looking like Juliet, or thought she did."

Her marriage to William Hale Harkness in 1947 ended whatever financial problems she had or might have thought she had. During her brief seven years with him, she appeared to have shed her restlessness and her discontent. A daughter, Edith, was born to them. Rebekah took up sculpture and showed amazing talent from the start (her mother thought that this was her major artistic gift); long interested in medicine (she had worked in a hospital during World War II and had studied to be a laboratory technician), she took renewed interest in science and medical research because of the Harkness family's deep involvement with the medical profession; and she learned a great deal about business. "My husband tried to teach me about it. He used to say, 'If you're going to have money, you'd better know how to handle it.' Some people find business dull, but I find it fascinating—how companies got started, their histories, their potentials. You really should stay with it all the time to be an expert, but I know a little about it, which is very helpful."

Through the William Hale Harkness Foundation (distinct from the Rebekah Harkness Foundation, which was recently reconstituted as the Harkness Ballet Foundation), she has donated millions to medical research. She supported the construction of the William Hale Harkness Medical Research Building at New York Hospital, and she has given generously to research conducted by Dr. Irving S. Cooper on Parkinson's disease, and to the work of the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine, New York Medical Center, under the direction of Dr. Howard A. Rusk. "After my hospital grant, other people chipped in. I got the

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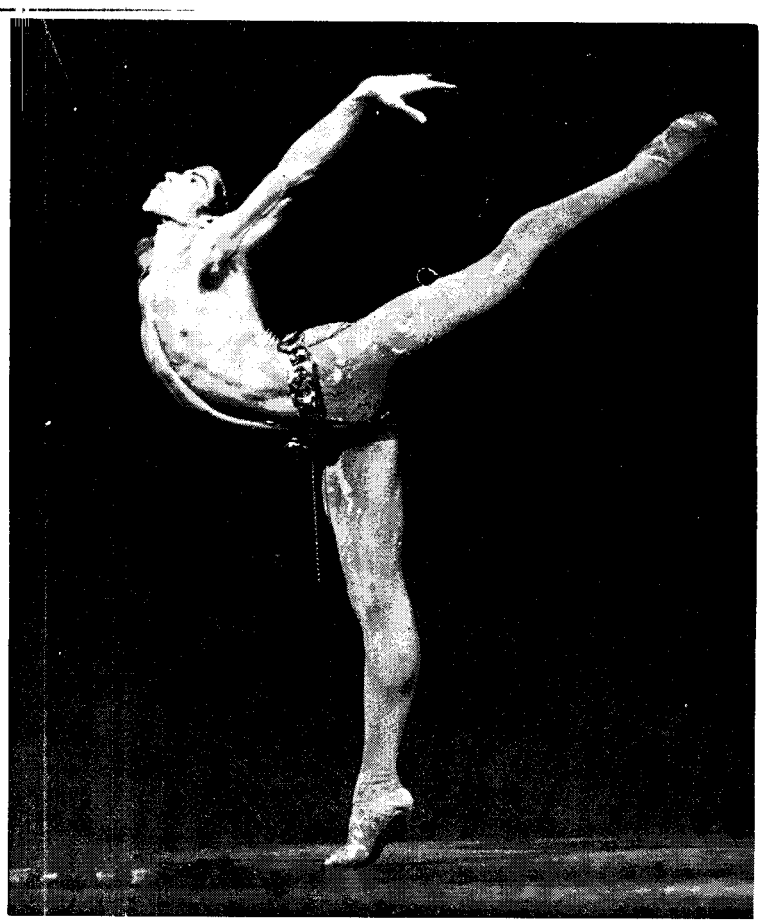

Photographs: Bil Leidersdorf

Comedy: Vamp (Manola Asensio), Gigolo (Zane Wilson). *Drama: Slave in* Sebastian *(Christopher Aponte).*

whole thing started, but then my grants were matched. Right now, I'm trying to do the same thing for my new theater. I've got to put it on a basis where it will go on, where its continuance will be assured. After all this work, to have it all collapse because I might be run over by a taxi seems foolish. Too many people depend on it and will in the future. So I'm setting up a Dance Assistance Fund to help worthy dancers perform in the Harkness Theater. It's not just for my own company, you know. And other companies may want to rent it for a season but may not have enough money to pay all the expenses. The fund should make up the difference between what they've got and what they need. I can pick up some of the tab but not all of it. I can carry just so much."

With such cornucopias of generosity pouring out monies and opportunities to dancers, choreographers, teachers, composers, designers, technicians, artists, and scientists, one would think that this remarkable Lady Bountiful would be beloved by all. Yet she is not. Why?

Her own social set doesn't like her, because she's contemptuous of them. The life of a debutante and a young St. Louis matron of social standing was a round of activities she took, in her own words, "rather lightly." Her mother, who lived into her eighties, had a stronger description: "I wish she'd be a little more tolerant. She thinks anyone who goes to a country club should be thrown in a garbage pail. I go to country clubs, but I understand her and I admire her. She's doing something important. I never do anything, and, frankly, I'm ashamed of myself. What she's doing is marvelous."

But not everyone thinks what Rebekah is doing is marvelous, mainly because no matter how hard she works—and work she does—she does exactly as she pleases. She can do this because she can pay for it.

No one who knows her or works around her would call her lazy. She's usually up by 6:00 A.M., sometimes earlier, and starts her daily stint with studies of piano, composition, and orchestration. She takes ballet class daily, because "I must learn my trade if I'm going to run this business. Participation is essential to me. I look at it as my job. Nobody hired me. I just went out and went to work. My school and my theater are for dancers. I like all dancers. They're people. I see that my own dancers are cared for. If they get sick, I try to help out. Their bodies are their instruments. They have only their bodies. It's not like a piano you can get one more of."

With all that she does, she is bombarded with bitcheries and criticisms. Rather sadly she says, "If I were starving to death for my art in a one-room New York apartment, the heart of the world would go out to me and everybody would say, 'I hope she makes it.' But because I'm loaded, they all look at me and say, 'Show me.'

"It's a very hard thing to face the fact that people almost wish you ill."

But is criticism of her doings in the worlds of music and ballet valid? There are lots of incidents that are amusing. Once, when she was having a ballet lesson in a small studio in her mansion at Watch Hill, she was doing a series of turns around the room and her hand hit the wall. She scrawled on it, "This has got to go." The wall went. But when she says that *people* have got to go, when one director after another is relieved of his duties, and when a whole company is disbanded and a new one launched, her moves are, at best, viewed as controversial.

No one in the arts objected when, after a short marriage, she dismissed from her life husband Number Three, Dr. B. H. Kean, and was granted permission to reprise the Harkness name. But there was a furor when she relinquished her support of Robert Joffrey after backing his dance company for two years (1962–63). It was mainly a matter of

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Bil Leidersdorf

Ritual: Ceremonials, *eroticism in ballet (Miyoko Kato, Gary Snider).*

name—she wanted the Harkness name used—and partly her wish to have some say in the dance group's affairs. Joffrey said no. She said yes. The company was on tour, and emissaries were sent out from Harkness headquarters to discuss the matter with him. But according to the emissaries' reports, he could not be found, and he later admitted that he chose to disappear. Mrs. Harkness signed most of the Joffrey dancers under personal contract, and Joffrey was left without a company.

In 1964 Mrs. Harkness founded the Harkness Ballet, and in 1965, she bought the old Thomas J. Watson town house in Manhattan and spent a million or so turning it into Harkness House for Ballet Arts, a lavishly appointed institution of studios, galleries, rehearsal rooms, cafeteria, dressing rooms, library, and other facilities. In 1965 the Joffrey company was reconstituted as the City Center Joffrey Ballet, a constituent company of the New York City Center of Music and Drama. Everyone was happier than ever before. But the damage was done. Rebekah Harkness was viewed as a villainess. "They discovered that I was not Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," she said, "and I got blamed for everything. I would have been blamed anyhow. All you would have to do is to print our pictures side by side—Joffrey, small with big brown eyes and me, tall, blonde, and rich—and even without naming crimes committed or not committed, anybody would look at the picture and say, 'Whatever it's about, she's guilty.' "

She had, actually, paid for mounting Joffrey ballets, she had kept his company going for two years, she had backed national tours, and she had taken the Joffrey troupe to the Soviet Union for triumphant appearances. She had even tackled Soviet obstacles when the Joffrey troupe, slated for a Leningrad debut, arrived in Moscow but was told that there were no planes available. According to the story, perhaps apocryphal but very possible, Mrs. Harkness, after her staff had failed to move the Russians, demanded to see the Soviet official in charge, pulled out her checkbook, and kept repeating, "How much? How much?" until she got a plane.

But the stigma of being a willful lady stuck. The Harkness Ballet itself, with directors coming and going, achieved considerable success both at home and abroad. But close to the end of a European tour, she suddenly canceled a London season and had to pay for an empty theater. The company itself disbanded, and she turned her attention to a recently established junior group called the Harkness Youth Dancers. To the onlooker, this seemed utterly capricious. It was said that she didn't like the repertory of the older company. But her newest company, the Harkness Ballet, an outgrowth of the junior ensemble, has been cursed by an inferior repertory. At the moment, she is infuriated at the critics' disapproval of her ballets, although they have been enthusiastic about her dancers. What she will do about the criticism is unpredictable, for she does as she pleases.

She once said, during the Joffrey affair, "You know, I don't have to spend my money on ballet. I could buy some yachts instead."

When animosities simmer down, even her disparagers agree that great sums of her money support dance and dancers and give jobs to a huge collection of people in the field of theater. They might wish that she would donate her money and let someone else manage and direct her ballet enterprises, but she will not.

She pays for what she wants. She pays for her Hudson River estate, her penthouse in New York, her mansion in the Bahamas, her chalet in Switzerland. She pays for symphony orchestras to make recordings of her compositions—her albums carry Mercury, Vanguard, Westminster, and other labels—and she pays for jewels, which she refers to as "merely stones," but which she likes when unusual settings are specially designed for her. She has a fondness for her gold, gem-encrusted Salvador Dali chalice (kept behind burglar-proof glass and under guard at Harkness House), which turns by electric current as golden caterpillars on a gold and lapis lazuli tree open into butterflies with wings of jewels. Laughingly she says that when she dies "the Pearly Gates are not for me. My ashes are going into that chalice, and I'll pirouette forever." In life, she keeps everyone else spinning, and nobody knows from instant to instant where the turns will take them, for Rebekah Harkness is as much a despot—benevolent and ruthless at one and the same time—as was Catherine de Medici.

The former Betty West from St. Louis still "raises the dickens," but she is a *force majeure* in the dance. It is hard not to like her personally, because she is bright, quick, and clearly dedicated to serving (but in her own way) dance, music, and medicine. One respects her rigid self-control, which calls for not only ballet lessons every day but also strict yoga exercises, which enable her to control her abdominal muscles so exactly that she can isolate one side from the other—and one laughs with her when she murmurs, "I dread the day when I pull in one side, and it won't come out again."

Rebekah I cannot be deposed, but she can, if she wants, abdicate. And if she abdicates her authority, she takes with her all her seemingly endless wealth. So far, she has decided that the *dance* is worth it, but her detractors, very often justified in their criticism of her seeming capriciousness, have to decide whether *she*'s worth it. After all, as she says, she didn't have to take the job. She could be perched on the rail of a yacht, entertaining the country-club set. □

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Enact or Repeal: Laws U.S. Senators Would Like to See On or Off the Books

The editors of *SR/W* have put these questions to members of the United States Senate:

If you had it in your power to enact *one single piece of legislation, what would it be?*

If you had it in your power to repeal *one single piece of legislation, what would it be?*

If these replies are an indication, by far the most popular reform would be some sort of change in our income-tax structure and control over federal spending of our taxes. Other suggested legislation frequently reflected local concerns, such as natural gas, farm subsidies, and even the control of firearms. But federal money—its collection and distribution—dominated the answers, some of which follow:

ENACT

REPEAL

Sen. James B. Allen, Democrat, Alabama

Legislation returning our public schools and other local institutions to state and local control.

That portion of the United States Constitution that gives life tenure to members of the United States Supreme Court and other members of the federal judiciary.

Sen. Mike Gravel
Democrat, Alaska

A bill to authorize direct appropriations from the U.S. Treasury that would finance the cost of all elections for federal offices and prohibit the use of any other funds in campaigns for federal offices.

The current income-tax laws, replacing them with a single tax on income, from which there would be no exemptions or deductions. The effect of such a single federal tax would be a lowering of the tax burden for persons with low and middle incomes, and a raising of the tax without loopholes for the wealthy.

Sen. Joseph R. Biden, Jr., Democrat, Delaware

The so-called Jefferson's Rule. [It] relates to a recommendation that a member of the Senate withdraw when his vote involves a direct conflict of interest.

The 1933 Emergency Banking Act (a portion of which is still in effect), which gives the President authority to control major aspects of the economy.

Sen. Paul J. Fannin
Republican, Arizona

Design a system to bring federal spending under control and stop the chronic deficit spending that has been a prime cause of the runaway inflation we now face.

The Davis-Bacon Act (involving wage-and-hour legislation on government contract work).

Sen. Frank Church
Democrat, Idaho

Establish a completely equitable and just system of taxation in this country.

The bill last year that created a revenue-sharing system.

Sen. Frank E. Moss, Democrat, Utah

Equitable tax reform.

The tobacco subsidy programs.

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ENACT	REPEAL
Sen. Charles H. Percy Republican, Illinois	
The Federal Act to Control Expenditures and Establish National Priorities.	The so-called no-knock provisions of the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970.
Sen. Edward W. Brooke Republican, Massachusetts	
A new income strategy that combines welfare reform, work incentives, manpower training, housing allowances, public-service employment, and construction programs.	The Byrd Amendment, allowing for the importation of Rhodesian chrome.
Sen. Strom Thurmond, Republican, South Carolina	
Pass a constitutional amendment that would require the federal government to keep its expenditures within its revenue.	Repeal those laws that have usurped the powers of state and local governments and have prevented them from carrying out their responsibilities as set out in the Constitution.
Sen. William E. Brock III, Republican, Tennessee	
Reform of the congressional budget-making process. Permit Congress to vote sensibly on spending the people's money.	The Economic Stabilization Act.
Sen. Philip A. Hart, Democrat, Michigan	
A bill ensuring jobs at good compensation for every citizen who is able and wants to work.	Repeal authority to own handguns.
Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, Democrat, Minnesota	
Establish an Office of National Growth and Development in the Executive Branch coupled with a Joint Committee on National Growth and Development in the Legislative Branch. If it were possible for me to consummate a treaty, I would put at the top of the list a treaty on comprehensive arms control and military-force reduction between the United States and the Soviet Union.	I would seek to amend the Constitution to eliminate the Electoral College and to provide for the popular election of the President and the Vice-President—in other words, direct election of the President by the voting public rather than the antiquated, obsolete system of the Electoral College.
Sen. Dewey F. Bartlett, Republican, Oklahoma	
Require Congress annually to set a spending ceiling and either to stay within that ceiling or to vote an increase. Legislation limiting federal spending.	The de-regulation of the price of natural gas at the wellhead.
Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat, Massachusetts	
National Health Insurance and Public Financing of Elections.	Loopholes in the Internal Revenue Code.
Sen. Claiborne Pell, Democrat, Rhode Island	
Legislation to assure equal access to higher education for all citizens regardless of economic circumstances.	The inequitable and complicated personal income tax, so that we could make a fresh start and construct a new tax without loopholes but with incentives for agreed-upon social goals.
Sen. Mark O. Hatfield, Republican, Oregon	
The Neighborhood Government Act of 1973 [returning equivalent federal tax money to localities].	The Selective Service Act. □

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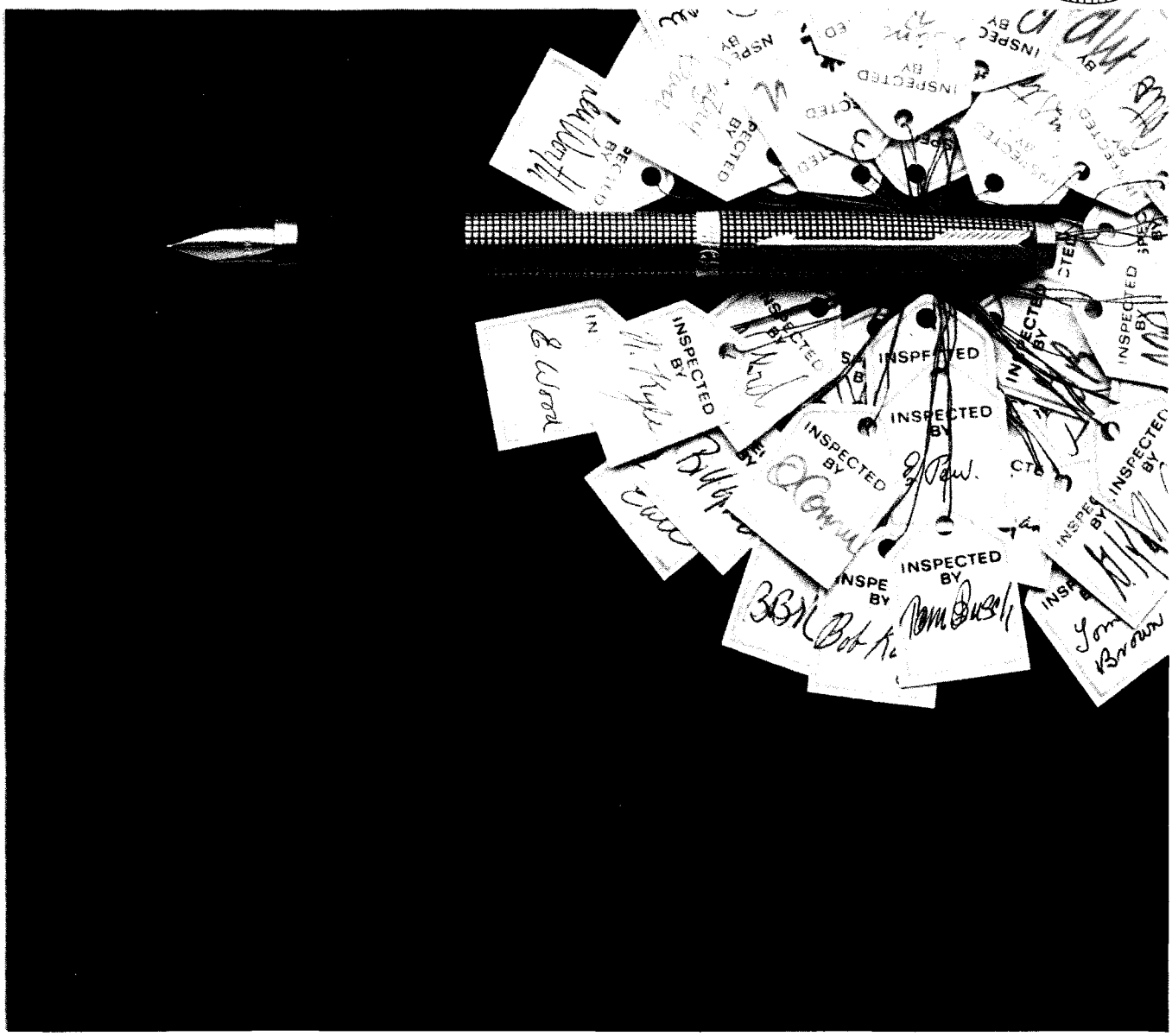

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BOOKS

Circling Hawkes

by Stephen Koch

The wedge into John Hawkes's fiction is to describe it. Or at least to try, by prying loose a few fragments, through paraphrase, from the strange structure. I should add that some claim his work as a whole is indescribable.

Germany, World War I. A madhouse has been abandoned by the retreating German officials. Nobody remains behind to supply the place, tend it. Locked inside, the lunatics are left all alone in their madness, and derangement organizes insanely for survival. Outside, the lawn is littered with the corpses of experimental rats and monkeys. *The Cannibal*

Way out West. A massive dam of mud, shale, and concrete has been built, and a town inundated beneath a wide placid artificial lake. Entombed deep in this dam is the body of a man who fell there and died during construction. At night, fishermen use searchlights to peer down into the houses and cellars underneath their boats. The mother of the dead man asks to be buried herself in such a way that she will be facing downward, her dead eyes open, looking toward that point beneath the tons of rock where her son lies. Meanwhile, his widow seeks his ghost by walking on the dam with a divining rod. In the course of the novel, the mass of the dam crawls forward the length of a beetle leg. *The Beetle Leg*

London. An Englishman returns to the home country after the war. He remembers the blitz, remembers the walls and windows of his flat falling in, his mother calling out to him, her clothes on fire. He also remembers seeing the wreck of an RAF fighter that had crashed in somebody's backyard. He remembers crawling into it, recalls the sickly smell in the cockpit. Then he picks up the pilot's abandoned helmet, and fits it on his own head. *The Lime Twig*

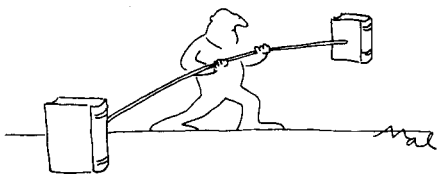
Paraphrasing images like these is slippery: They keep the violence but dispel the shifting borders of murk these novels create. Disaster animates John Hawkes's imagination with an unearthly energy unlike any other artist's in his generation. In 1947, when he wrote his first novella, Hawkes was nineteen years old. We're told he knew next to nothing about modern fiction, but he did know modern poetry. That suggests a pleasant fantasy that may not be far from the truth: Drenched in the mental and verbal ether where the disjoined, hyper-vivid observations of Prufrock live, a teenager finds himself bowled over with the thrilling (and perfectly correct) insight that such irreal precision, *mutatis mutandis*, might work in a novel, too. Provided with a prodigy's talent, the boy sits down at his desk and writes that novel. *Charivari* is about a man getting married. What happens? Well, what happens in "Prufrock"? Prufrock walks on a beach, descends a stair. Under the water, ragged beings crawl. There are mermaids. There is a room, and women come and go. A forearm is downed with hair.

These are the visionary places and spaces of the fragmented twentieth-century terrain, rendered magical, dangerous, unearthly, by imagined transformations. This is the symbolist Elsewhere that Edmund Wilson propounded to American readers in *Axel's Castle*, where the corridors of time break into a maze, where people and places are luminous with the feelings they embody in dreams. It is a modernist realm partly derived, historically, from that Gothic romantic landscape where the dead walk and Frankenstein's monster groans and comes to life. But Hawkes's imaginative life in the horrific has been no mere academic inspiration. Once you have seen even a newsreel of a bulldozer plowing through stacks of human corpses, your life is changed, and changed for good. The years 1942 through 1946 marked the imaginations of everybody in the West with real images so far beyond the merely appalling and outrageous that the traditional vision of hell itself came to look foolish and pale. Without ever setting out to document the unspeakable reality, Hawkes's early work is inflected by it everywhere. Driven by the post-war imagination, Hawkes infused an established modernist method of composition with a completely new violence and extremity.

The approach left him completely alone in his generation of artists. He was the only bright young man to work completely outside the numerous yeomanly styles of novelistic realism that everybody else, as if by universal consent, was then re-asserting to replace the (for them) exhausted epoch of avant-garde modernism, which had made literary heroes of Joyce and Gertrude Stein, Eliot, Pound, Djuna Barnes, Virginia Woolf. In *that* direction, the Twenties and Thirties had proclaimed, lay the lighthouse of the future. Mailer, Bellow, Vidal simply spun the boat in a skidding U-turn away. That destination did not concern them. The "art novel" was dead. Leslie Fiedler triumphantly pronounced "the age of experimentalism" at an end. Except for Hawkes.

That turn in literary events left Brother Hawkes something of the Odd Man Out. Still, he survived—and even survived impressively. All of his books are in print and pretty well distributed. I have the impression he is a rather widely read but very little discussed artist, thus exactly inverting the customary terms of literary reputation. He's called a "difficult" writer—better still, a "writer's writer." Every once in a while, some influential literary person—Fiedler, Susan Sontag—conscientiously mounts the podium to scold the slovenly public for neglect: How can you read the drivel you read, they complain, when we have a great writer . . . ? True enough, Hawkes is often quite difficult. One sometimes sits down to read, troubled by the ignoble anxiety: "Am I going to follow this?" Still, I protest the spirit-dampening epithet. Nothing in Hawkes is more difficult than long passages in, say, *Absalom! Absalom!* or *As I Lay Dying*. Yet nobody insults Faulkner with the label "difficult." That is because Faulkner had a big public success and was very much discussed.

Judged by the most exacting standards, Hawkes can claim one book at least that must be included in the list of very great writing done by Americans in this century: *The Beetle Leg*. It is set in the American West and commands a final, silencing aesthetic authority. There is a dam, a death, a haunting, a woman alone —or is she?—in a desert cabin. The dusty landscape is, of course, already heavy with its popular western myth. But Hawkes makes it shocking and strange in a manner like none other I know. The vivid plainness of the gas stations and paved country roads is subsumed into a hallucinated concatenation of time and obsession, and Hawkes's pages move past the reading mind, establishing, not past, present, and future, not what has gone before and what is to come, but something more unitary and startling than that. In *The Beetle Leg*, it is as if time had become a place, as if the movement of time had



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spread out into a landscape. And we are *in* that landscape, which seems at once as wide as all outdoors and yet cramped, huddled, enclosed. The Big Sky becomes The Enormous Room. The passage of time becomes some kind of vast, open-air house of the dead—windblown, tumbling with sagebrush. Hitchcock speaks of sunlight horror. *The Beetle Leg* (though there is night in it) is sunlight surrealism, and it is the only great American surrealistic novel I know. Behind that dam the river of time flows into a placid, horrific quiescence and budges forward like the beetle leg.

In *The Beetle Leg,* Hawkes is fully in command of his fictional voice, as—in my opinion—he is not always fully in command of it in even the most remarkable of his other works. In the language of *The Beetle Leg,* one can hear a hint of Faulkner, especially the Faulkner of *As I Lay Dying.* If Hawkes has any weakness as a writer, it is as a rhetorician. (Two caveats: I don't mean to suggest snidely that *The Beetle Leg* is derivative, but only that art gets nourishment from other art. Second, this is the "weakness" of a master. At the very least, Hawkes is always an extremely accomplished writer who can never be faulted on some silly score of "good writing.") But hearing in *The Beetle Leg* the echo of Faulkner—*the* great rhetorician of modern American fiction—makes one reflect that, like Faulkner, Hawkes likes to drive the English sentence to the very furthest limits of what it can conceivably convey to the reading mind—which is, of course, what everybody means by "difficult." But even at its most alcoholic and delirious, Faulkner's amazing ear continued to *hear,* although sense might be tottering on (or even toppling over) the edge of incoherence. Hawkes's clean Bostonian ear is a touch more northern. His language sometimes gets rather contrived and elaborated in its elegance; sometimes it falls in some no-man's-land between transparence and resonance; there are even a few tinny spots. Result: On some of the most ambitious and extreme pages, things simply fall apart. Too much is flying by; it scatters as if in a burst of literary fifty-two pickup. One can't get it to cohere; worse, one doesn't care if it does or doesn't. This problem—if I'm correct in identifying it—perhaps accounts for my feeling that *The Cannibal* and *The Lime Twig,* while thoroughly remarkable books, are not quite as possessing and indelible as *The Beetle Leg.*

Like everybody else, artists change. Beginning in 1962, with *Second Skin,* Hawkes began to shift focus from the haunted constructs of terror in his early work toward a more ventilated, linear story line, where the main energy was no longer phantasmagoric but erotic. Not, needless to say, that his books were all at once flooded with sweetness and light. Hawkes stayed Hawkes; but his purchase on the immemorial Gordian knot of sex and death shifted from death to sex, and he thereby found himself pointed in a whole new direction. *Second Skin* is a strangely fascinating book, bloated, groaning with a wordy, kinky (or at least mighty strange) sexuality that is positively frantic with a sense of hovering disaster and a kind of grunting contempt for the flesh. It is all faintly redolent of Günter Grass at his most sweaty and fetishistic.

Then, in 1968, Hawkes did, as a matter of fact, give us a 270-page peep at sweetness and light in *The Blood Oranges,* a book about a sexual idyll involving two couples on an imaginary Greek island called Illyria. As the possible sexual triangles shift, we are supposed to see spreading before us an exquisite vision of freedom and guiltlessness. But no—*et in Arcadia ego.* There is death even in Arcady, and the novel ends when one of the two husbands hangs himself in that perfect little peasant's cottage of his.

I must confess myself indifferent to *The Blood Oranges.* If one is unconvinced and unimpressed by the thesis that one can sexualize life completely without ever bumping into responsibility (and therefore possible guilt), it is not terribly surprising or revelatory to be shown that somebody usually gets the happy role of sacrificial victim in such sexual arrangements and ends in a very nasty place indeed. Hawkes wanted to write a pastoral, and he simply sexualized the ancient pastoral concept with some hyped, well-preserved middle-aged American bodies. Maybe my problem is that I find haunted houses more exciting than pastures, but though Hawkes's great talent is evident everywhere in the book, I steadily found the lilting flow of words more exquisite than really strong.

But Hawkes has returned to the triangle game in his latest novel, *Death, Sleep, and the Traveler.** In both *The Blood Oranges* and this new book, the narrator is married to an intensely sexual, "fascinating," and independent woman. This lady has a guileless, sexy penchant for toying in a very fast and loose manner with her adoring husband's helpless absorption in her. In both books, she takes as a lover one of her husband's good friends, seeing to it that her spouse remains constantly fully informed about the adventure, if not personally on the scene for every guiltless, abandoned moment. Meanwhile, the husband duly turns to another woman, either his busy friend's wife (*The Blood Oranges*) or an enticing stranger. In both books, the errant wife exhibits an emotional freedom and vivacity her husband lacks: She is the one who is "really alive." In both books, the two men differ because one of them is intense, vital, guiltless, virile, while the other is threat-

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ened, nervously introspective, jealous, and not really all that splendid in the sack. In the course of the novel, one of these two men—can one resist the suspicion that they are alter egos?—must die. The end of the book comes like a sentence of death.

It is tempting to call *Death, Sleep, and the Traveler* the five-finger exercise of a master. So far is it from being "difficult" that its pages breeze by like somebody whistling down the wind. The ferocity of the early books is replaced with a cool lucidity that sometimes feels like indifference, while the story is kept sailing along by the simple geometric logic of its plot. The American artist who, above all other novelists of his time, renounced the built-in energy of a conventional narrative line has written a book that is virtually all narrative line and little else.

It is also an intensely sexual book; one might even call it horny. There's hardly a page in which we do not find our narrator gazing his rapturous, lascivious fill of the luscious body of one of his ladies. Their knotted-handkerchief halters and bare midriffs and clinging bikinis are so far from the bizarre that they might have been made to *Playboy*'s specifications. For that matter, so could the settings, which include a swinging-singles cruise and a living room complete with lush, furry rugs and a sauna down the hall—in which, by the way, the bewitching wife's lover meets his inevitable death, in one of the book's most compelling pages.

Is *Death, Sleep, and the Traveler* a "good book"? I am going to shirk the so-called critical duty of pronouncing that judgment. For me, it lacks the mind-stopping, evident greatness of *The Beetle Leg*. On the other hand, it is interesting in its way—certainly it is a pleasant enough read. If somebody else had written it, I doubt I would have gotten very worked up about it. But somebody else didn't write it: Its author is one of the most remarkable American writers of our time. Quite possibly I'm mistaking extreme lucidity for extreme facility. God knows the lucidity is there. Despite a steady stream of expert (sometimes funny) dream sequences, the work as a whole gives the impression—strange to say it of John Hawkes!—of being one in which all shadows have been banished. It is high noon on a delightful sunny day over Axel's Castle. The ghost has managed to slip out of the dungeon and is out romping on the grounds. If you look closely, you'll notice that it is very sexy, naked, and a girl. □

Honor Thy Brothers

BLACK MAFIA: ETHNIC SUCCESSION IN ORGANIZED CRIME
by Francis A. J. Ianni
Simon & Schuster, 255 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Alan Green

Professor Francis Ianni, an anthropologist with impressive academic credentials from Teachers College, Columbia, from Yale, and from universities abroad, with memberships on distinguished crime-study commissions, has written an important, carefully researched, coolly reasoned work that could easily become the basis for half a dozen chilling screenplays.

Two years ago, *A Family Business,* his sociological-anthropological examination of an Italian crime family in America, was published. Now, in *Black Mafia,* he has written a more startling and even more pertinent study of how and why blacks and Hispanics are increasingly taking over crime areas that once were Mafia domain.

From the outset, his new work presented unique and basic difficulties. For one, he had neither common ethnic background nor color going for him. Moreover, he was undertaking a depth study of individuals and groups who—some consciously, others unconsciously—regarded him as a member of an unrelenting enemy race.

Despite these hazards, he has emerged with tape-recorded interviews, candidly stated personal histories, frank inside accounts of crime, crime networks, criminal methods, and revelations of the life-styles of men and women engaged in narcotics traffic, prostitution, illegal gambling, and the grand theft of property ranging from luxe apparel to fine cars. And all of this information has come from individuals who live by the first principle of crime: silence.

Without "Buddha and the Seven Thieves," he'd never have brought it off. These eight somewhat different research assistants were themselves members of the relatively new and fast-growing black underworld. Each had been closely tied to one criminal activity or another, each had been in prison, each was on parole. All had to gain permission from the parole board to associate with known criminals for the purposes of research. All had to be convinced—a torturously slow process—that Ianni's interest was purely scientific and that he wanted no identification of research subjects save by pre-arranged code numbers, which, in the writing, became pseudonyms. And all eight had to be trained—an equally painstaking process—in the basic techniques of field research, of scientifically gathering personal and group data.

IANNI REMINDS US that organized crime in America was once dominated by the Irish. Later, Jews moved in and some took over. Members of both groups are still to be found in organized crime. However, for years the Mafia "families" have been the nucleus of our organized crime, accounting—according to those writing at the turn of the Seventies—for the most powerful and close-knit part of its membership. But even then, as recounted in Gay Talese's *Honor Thy Father,* many of the younger members of the families were moving toward and into legitimacy. They had become, in the eyes of the dons, too soft. They had lost the singleness of purpose, the implacability that had been imported from Sicily.

But though the Mafia has begun to fade, the demand for crime has not lessened. People—"non-criminal" people—still want to gamble illegally, still require prostitutes, still desire expensive clothing, appliances, sporty cars at "special" prices, still crave kicks and moods for which doctors won't prescribe. Into the void created by the diminishing supply of Italians have stepped the black and Hispanic criminals. Largely serving the needs of their own community at first, they are now increasingly catering to white tastes for forbidden esoterica. The black criminal who first discovered the ease of (and police acquiescence to) preying on his own is audaciously expanding his servicing of the ghetto to include the world outside it. And he has discovered that unprivileged birth, deprivation, poor education, need not bar him from sudden wealth and a kind of celebrity—need not, most of all, bar his escape from the central city.

Black Mafia is not a nationwide study. It considers crime and crime networks (Ianni discerned and charted most of the latter for this book) in Manhattan's Harlem and East Harlem, in Brooklyn's Red

Alan Green's current novel, Mother of Her Country, *is a comedy about publishing and censorship.*

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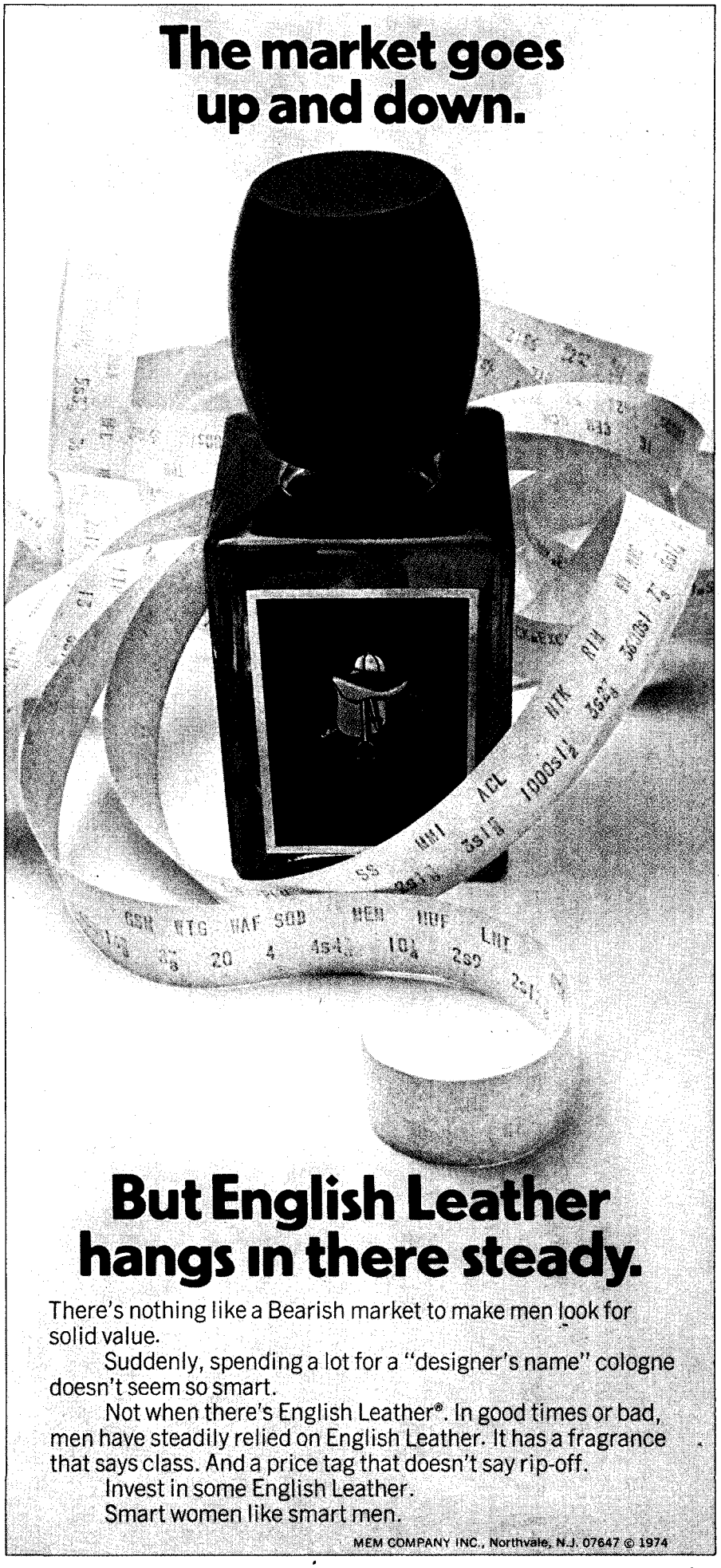
Hook and Bedford-Stuyvesant sections, and in Paterson, New Jersey. It refers to crime in other cities, and it is clear that crime-breeding conditions and criminal activities essentially similar to those Ianni found also exist in such places as Boston and Bridgeport, Detroit and Newark, Chicago, Cleveland, and Kansas City. Ianni says little about the Deep South or the West Coast, but he makes it indelibly clear that wherever the ripening conditions exist, the fruits of black crime will flourish.

He studies the roots of black crime: the street gangs, the prisons, and, especially, the ethnically segregated prison "courts"—small groups of inmates drawn together by childhood associations, intra-prison protective and exploitive conspiracies, and extra-prison crime, both past and planned. He finds that the kinship patterns that were fundamental to Italian crime exist strongly among Cubans, to some extent among Puerto Ricans, and scarcely at all among blacks. He traces the "Cuban Connection," which is using its Latin American contacts to run drugs from South America into this country. And he reveals that among black and Hispanic networks, women are—for the first time in the history of organized crime—becoming active and important members of the mobs.

Because the "network" is as fundamental to the black criminal organizations as the "family" is to the Mafia, Ianni returns often to these connections among individual criminals, among criminal groups, and among varieties of criminal activity. Stolen cars, for instance, are necessities for the gambler, drug dealer, or pimp operating over a large territory; so the gang that steals cars will have close connections with these other entrepreneurs. As in most crime operations on a more than occasional basis, the police payoff is intrinsic. So is violence within the organization, though it is not nearly so frequently employed as in the older Mafia.

Ianni makes it clear that a black Mafia is still in the process of development and that its full burgeoning lies ahead. But the shape it is taking is implicit in his study. He has made clear for now and the foreseeable future the kinds of crime, the types of criminals, the forms of protection, the tables of organization, the characteristics of criminals and their customers, and the conditions and institutions that are developing and nurturing black crime, and he has outlined recommendations for ways to control it. □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Discipline as a Dirty Word

Reviewed by Irving Kristol

RAISING CHILDREN IN A DIFFICULT TIME
by Benjamin Spock
Norton, 268 pp., $7.95

It was, I believe, George Bernard Shaw who once remarked that the trouble with parents is that they all want their children to grow up to be a credit to them. The desire is natural—and absurd. The real issue is always, not whether our children are going to be a credit to us, but whether they are going to have an adulthood that is pleasing—or at least tolerable—to them. And in this respect, we American parents of the Seventies seem to be in trouble.

The striking fact about American society today is not that parents are disappointed in their children (that is normal), but that their children seem to be so disappointed and fearful at the prospect of becoming adults. The "years of adolescence" used to be fourteen through eighteen. Now those years stretch way into the twenties, and some of our young people remain "kids" until they are thirty. They dress like "kids," act like "kids," and worst of all, think like "kids." It is bizarre, unprecedented, and worrisome. Why don't they want to grow up? What happened to adulthood in America to make it so unappealing?

One theory is that it is all the fault of modern "permissiveness" in child rearing, and especially of its prophet, that master psychiatrist-pediatrician Dr. Benjamin Spock. There are many things wrong with this theory, but the main thing wrong with it is that the real Dr. Spock is so very different from what his critics conceive him to be. His latest book, *Raising Children in a Difficult Time,* holds no surprises for those of us who have had a Spock on the bookshelf ever since we brought the baby home from the hospital, but it will much astonish those who have the impression that he is an ardent spokesman for "permissiveness." This impression was undoubtedly created by his original casualness about toilet training and about the legitimacy of fondling a crying infant at a time when attitudes about these subjects were dogmatic and harsh. A great many people then predicted that if you permit a generation of infants to dirty their diapers or to expect to be picked up when they sob they'll grow up with a predisposition to wear dirty clothes, to speak dirty language, and will, in general, look and act like willful and spoiled slobs. The fact that this prediction turned out to be so uncannily accurate was then taken as testimony to the truth of the original accusation against Dr. Spock—even though those who today indict him for "permissiveness" have themselves probably adopted his early suggestions about toilet training and baby consoling and have no sense of being subversive.

The presumed connection between Dr. Spock and "permissiveness" has, of course, been given further plausibility by his rather flamboyant association with liberal and, more recently, left-wing causes. The young people who are associated with such causes and who invite him to speak at their rallies certainly look and behave as if they had been raised most "permissively." In fact, they may or may not have been, and it's really irrelevant. "Tender loving care" does not of itself create either a counterculture or a radical politics—as generations of doting Italian mothers can testify.

Mind you, I am not saying that parents do not have any influence on their children. They usually do, for better or worse. But it is not what parents *do* in the way of child-rearing techniques that is so influential. It's what parents *are* that counts. And if Dr. Spock is to be faulted —as I think he is—it is not because he gives bad advice about how to cope with children, but because he has helped promote a flawed conception of adulthood.

Most of Dr. Spock's specific advice strikes me as eminently reasonable, sensible, and wise. He understands—what most college presidents and college professors seem to have forgotten, but which radical students appreciate keenly—that in the eternal war between the generations, it is the initial battles over trivia that are important in achieving a stable balance of power. In the home, these trivia include such matters as whether or not a child washes his hands before dinner, whether he makes his own bed, whether he takes responsibility for specific household chores. (In the colleges, the comparable issues are dress codes, dormitory regulations, and the like.) In all such cases, Spock is on the side of firm, if moderate, discipline. Nor is he at all casual about sexual promiscuity: He flatly disapproves of the mother who sends her daughter off to college with a supply of contraceptive pills. And though himself an agnostic, he does not feel that agnostic parents should discourage their children from going to church.

People who follow Dr. Spock's child-

Irving Kristol is Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University and co-editor of The Public Interest *magazine.*

"There, but for I, go you."

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Jill Krementz
Dr. Spock–Prophet of "permissiveness."

rearing techniques need not, in my opinion, worry about going far wrong. The trouble is not with his techniques but with the philosophy behind his techniques. It is a philosophy that has had a terrible influence on parents, because it is so essentially juvenile. Children aren't corrupted by Dr. Spock; parents often are.

As a man, as distinct from a thinker, Benjamin Spock is obviously very much in the tradition of what we call, rather loosely, "the Protestant ethic." He is austere, proud, self-confident, inner-directed—the kind of man one does not trifle with. He reminds me somewhat of the late Norman Thomas: a socialist with a strong sense of, and a deep commitment to, the bourgeois proprieties. And just as Norman Thomas was always finding himself at odds with the movement he led—a movement composed of people who shared his values but not his character—so Benjamin Spock is in this same condition. He is utterly opposed to the kind of disorder and anarchy now common among the young. But he is in some real sense responsible for them—not because they were raised according to his practical advice, but because their parents were shaped by the values he preaches.

These values can be summed up in the phrases: Freudianism without frustration, socialism without coercion. The trouble with those values is that they are a kind of adolescent political fantasy in which the good things in life are available without cost. The price of taking Freud seriously is to accept the inevitability of frustration. The price of taking socialism seriously is to accept the inevitability of coercion. When one avoids such seriousness, when one fails to pay necessary tribute to the tragic dimensions of our humanity, one becomes an immature adult—the kind of person who believes that if one only wishes hard enough, one can be "liberated" from the harsh compulsions of nature and society.

Dr. Spock, whose character was formed before he subscribed to these values, is not himself such a person. He is distinctly an "old-fashioned" type. His audience, however, is not so fortunate. *Their* characters have indeed been shaped by these values, which so permeate our "affluent" society—values which assure them that it is only authority which deforms life and that the absence of authority will "liberate" us all toward perfect happiness. The consequence is that they never truly become adults themselves. They are always growing up and can propose to their children no honorable model of adulthood. They even compete with their children—in dress, in faddishness, in sports. And their children, in turn, refuse to grow up.

In all fairness to Dr. Spock, it must be emphasized that he has not himself fathered this ideological-psychological impulse, which is endemic in modernity. But he encourages it, and he helps legitimate it among his readers. The result is the worldwide shortage of adults and the surplus of "kids" that we are now experiencing. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 22
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answer on page 30.

They make fine — — — — —;
practiced fingers fly.
No — — — — — strain attends
this wonted labor.
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And this week's — — — — — is
their next-door neighbor.

A.S.

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Books in Brief

THE RACHEL PAPERS
by Martin Amis
Knopf, 244 pp., $5.95

At seven o'clock one December evening, Charles Highway snuggles down with two bottles of wine to savor the few teenage hours still left him: At midnight he will be twenty years old. Throughout that evening's five-hour descent to manhood, Charles paws and mulls over the heaps of paper that document the "tail end of [his] youth." It has been a tail end spent catching up on London's social and sexual trends while ostensibly cramming for entrance to Oxford.

Charles Highway is a contemptible bastard, the archetypal Early Bloomer in full possession of his offensive precocity. The scribbled-on notepad-diaries that he spreads out before him bespeak an obnoxious spirit, swollen with "self-consciousness and self-disgust and self-infatuation." He postures and preens, a literary roué having brain waves, spouting Blake and corny *bon mots* to Rachel Noyes, the raven-haired, self-assured Older Woman of his hot pursuit. For their every meeting Charles stage-designs his room (a *New Statesman* here, a volume of Donne there), memorizes pithy little aphorisms and amusing paradoxes to "ad-lib" later, and rehearses compelling gestures to wield on cue. If Highway has a saving grace, it is his sense of the ridiculous, especially his sterling asides about his own human performance.

Clearly, wit flows in the Amis blood. Martin (the son of Kingsley Amis and Elizabeth Jane Howard), now a mellow twenty-five, displays in his first novel a gift for satirizing the mock-heroic by speaking directly to the reader in the voice of his own character.

This spunky little spoof may turn out to have cul-de-sacs at the end of some of its "verbal avenues," and it may have more than a touch of the vacuous nausea of post-adolescence. But it does have a certain "pimply lyricism," as Charles Highway would smirk—a lyricism that just might win Martin Amis a letter from that other classic latter-day youth, Holden Caulfield. SUSAN HEATH

•

ABOUT HARRY TOWNS
by Bruce Jay Friedman
Knopf, 192 pp., $5.95

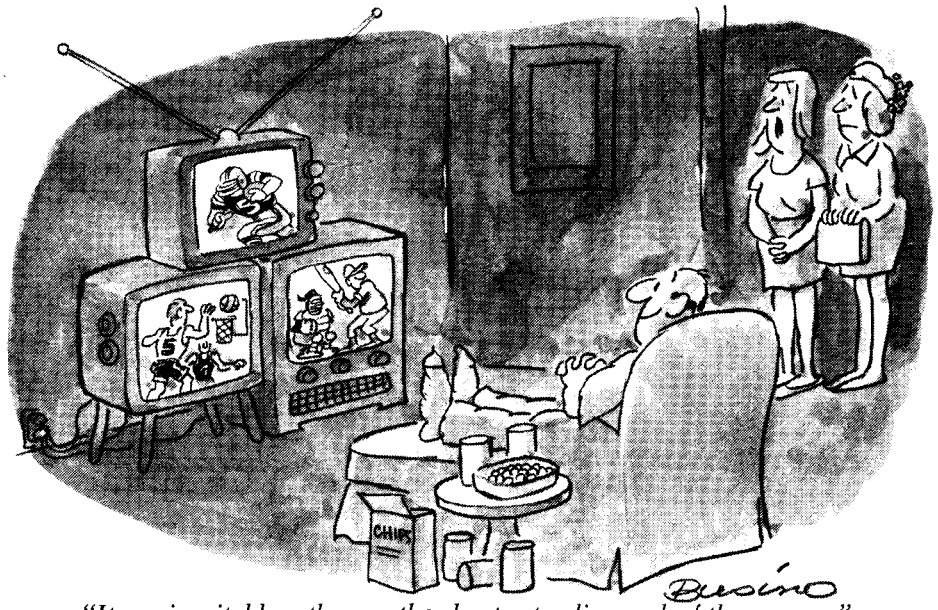
When *About Harry Towns* opens, its protagonist is lounging, pool-side, in a plush Los Angeles hotel, somewhat anxious about the adequacy of his response to the Apollo 11 moon shot. Harry is a New York screenwriter, separated from his wife and distanced from his son, vaguely aware that at the age of forty he has yet to "find himself," and feeling, as he puts it, "rudderless" and "unhappy." Shortly after our introduction to him, Harry returns to Manhattan, where we see him ensconced in a deluxe high-rise apartment (having left wife and son behind at the family house in the suburbs), stalking and snaring as many young women as will have him, developing a serious habituation to cocaine and some seamy connections in the underworld, suffering the loss of both his mother and father (middle-class Jews from Brooklyn) within the course of a year, making an unsuccessful attempt to repair his marriage, and, finally, as the result of a minor and muted "revelation," deciding that the tribulations he has gone through have been in some way purifying and have given him the self-knowledge that will enable him to muddle through the rest of his days with a newfound honesty—rudimentary but "real."

The attitudes and assumptions about success, marriage, family, and the Bourgeois American Dream bodied forth in *About Harry Towns* are by this time so shopworn and hackneyed as to require no recapitulation. As the book moves along, the narrator seems to develop a kind of condescending affection for Harry Towns. Nevertheless, as he is portrayed here, Harry is throughout this book a study in enervation and failure; devoid of any moral or imaginative energy; riddled with warranted guilt and self-doubt, but for all the wrong reasons; disaffected to the point of autism; lacking, despite the enviable opulence in which he manages to maintain himself, any visible involvement in work—a man who in middle age suddenly seems to find himself, for reasons beyond his ken, and for reasons never made clear to the reader, living a life that depresses and depletes him. He is, in short, a singularly distasteful and unengrossing individual, and one can only wonder what exactly it is about him that Bruce Jay Friedman expects us to find of moment.
JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

MAMA DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE
by Judy Sullivan
Arthur Fields, 256 pp., $6.95

At the age of thirty-three, Judy Sullivan awoke to the realization that her existence as housewife and mother was "killing" her. Subsequently, she informed her husband of fifteen years that she was leaving him and their eleven-year-old daughter to go to New York



"It was inevitable—the way they kept extending each of the seasons."

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City to "find her life." Mrs. Sullivan's personal history, as she recreates it in *Mama Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* had been a rather full and rich one. The child of well-born and affluent Texas parents, she had grown up in ease, traveled widely, been popular and successful in school, received a good education, married a good man. Throughout her married life, she had been able to pursue her *chosen* career of teacher and scholar, on the one hand, and wife and mother, on the other. Why, then, the decision to run away to a strange city, when the life she had already mapped out for herself entailed deep obligations as well as privilege? As Mrs. Sullivan would have it, she abandoned her husband and daughter because housework was annihilating her spirit! (In a list she compiled of her household duties, one especially onerous item appears as "put [daughter's] clothes away as she outgrows them.") Also, she had gradually come to feel, through a series of "consciousness-raising" revelations vouchsafed her by the teachings of radical feminism, that the life she was living was in fact a mere saga of subjugation and not one she had chosen after all. Yet so great is the discrepancy between the reality Mrs. Sullivan describes and the interpretation she puts on it that to any disinterested reader, the conclusion she reaches about the nature of her experience must appear the most flagrant kind of self-serving rationalization. Mrs. Sullivan's lamentations about "housework" and "powerlessness" notwithstanding, her flight seems to have been prompted less by any longing for "autonomy," as she puts it, than by an overwhelming desire to abdicate adulthood and return (however guiltily) to the undemanding world of childhood, where no choices need to be made or justified, no responsibilities assumed or discharged, no commitments expected other than to the immediate gratifications of self. J.L.C.

•

THE DECAY OF THE ANGELS
by Yukio Mishima
Knopf, 240 pp., $6.95

Yukio Mishima was obsessed with death. A decadent romantic who marveled at the beauty of destruction, he once wrote, "Violent death is ultimate beauty, provided that he who dies is young." This is a particularly Japanese idea, one that chillingly informs Mishima's literary efforts and determined his own ritualistic suicide.

The final literary product of that aesthetic, *The Decay of the Angels*, brilliantly epitomizes Mishima's pessimistic outlook. The final volume of his mystifying tetralogy, *Sea of Fertility*, it is set in Japan in the Seventies. Shigekuni Honda, who was seen in his youth in an earlier volume, here appears as an aging lawyer who adopts a beautiful sixteen-year-old boy named Toru Yasunaga. Firm in his suspicion that Toru is a reincarnation of youths presented in the earlier works, all of whom died at the age of twenty, Honda eagerly awaits Toru's twentieth birthday.

The significance of the novel's intricate plot and subplots is, of course, intensified if the reader is familiar with the characters and events of the three previous books. For it is here, in this culminating volume, that Mishima should have pulled together his various themes and resolved the fates of his characters. But instead, he manages only to cast doubt on the very concept that supposedly lies at the heart of the tetralogy—the idea of reincarnation, a concept in which, as it turns out, he never believed and for which he has not persuasively argued.

As the framework crumbles and the sheer existence of his protagonist is called into question, we are left with nothing so much as sketches of a beautiful death gone wrong, of a devastating wasteland overrun with decay.

Decay of the Angels is a work of deceptive simplicity that raises more questions than it answers. Mishima's intense precision and solemnity reveal him as an artist classically impervious to emotion and contemptuous of humanity, with a fine appreciation for the cool veneer and the punctilious manner. In Honda and Toru, his split-image self, he has created characters of unbreakable similarity, each nothing more than an impermeable surface.

Yukio Mishima is, without doubt, a supreme stylist, a mannerist, whose crystalline prose subordinates content to form. His fascination for detail, so readily apparent here, dominated his personal and professional lives: He crafted *Decay of the Angels* while planning his own death. On November 25, 1970, he submitted the final manuscript to his publishers and then, at the age of forty-five, committed hara-kiri, thus neatly ending his literature and his life on the same day. S.H.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Such Are the Joys

Among the great joys of being a poetry nut are the constant surprises. I mean, I'd never heard that there is a fine poet in Canada named Szumigalski, but here's a set of galleys from Doubleday for a May 17 book called *Woman Reading in the Bath,* by Anne Szumigalski, a fiftyish mother of four, born in England, living in Saskatchewan. She speaks seven languages, the publisher reports, and, goodness, what she can do with one of them—English! Here's "Long Distance":

My wife left me
When we were both quite young
She said she was going to visit her cousin
There must have been more to it than that

Last summer she came back
Just before harvest
I awoke and she was there
Baking pies in our wedding dishes

She's a gray and folded woman now
Even her lips are creased
But sometimes when she sits there phoning
A curve of her cheek or arm
Reminds me of the girl she once was
What good is that to me?

I want to remember her always
As she is now

Publishers Weekly predicts
"the 'in' book of the season"

and goes on to rave:
"Together this irreverent, impudent and brilliantly satirical pair rip into the waxworks, impaling in drawings and hilariously deadpan minibiographies some 34 novelists, musicians, painters, poets and performers from Louisa May Alcott, Bach, Beethoven and the Brontës to Oscar Wilde. The book is an implosion of the absurd, a wacky, witty, tongue-in-cheek stomp through the galleries of the great."

Treat yourself, only $5.95 at booksellers

Saturday Review Press/E.P. Dutton
201 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

Slammer

I like to dig into a fat, juicy novel a couple of times a year and lose myself for a string of nights. Here's a good one, by a new author, that had me engrossed for all 480 pages: *The Rap*, by Ernest Brawley (Atheneum, June 10). It's a prison story, which would ordinarily put me off. As my mother used to say, "Isn't there enough misery in the world without reading about it?" The author, a former prison guard, writes ebullient-ly about the inmates and overseers in a big, bad California slammer. It really isn't a "prison novel," but a "people novel." More than half of it takes place outside the walls: and it's filled with dope-heads, motorcycle types, prostitutes—the seamy side of California in general. And what a good writer! He's inventive, traditional, experimental, and poetic in turn. Nothing to fault but the use of the word *motate* too frequently. Here's a bit on inmate distinctions:

There are certain distinctions, certain subtle variations unnoticed by the outsider, that make all the difference. And there are many men who will pay for these distinctions, will pay highly to separate themselves from the *hoi polloi*. You see a dude with razor-sharp creases in his denim pants, impeccably starched and pressed shirts made of the finest denim that money can buy, with Eckstein collars and French cuffs with diamond links, a cat with patent-leather loafer shoes, or black Chelsea boots, or flying jodhpurs, a stud with gold-rimmed sunglasses, or beebop shades, well then you know for sure that mother's on the game, got something going for himself, working some scam. He's a pimp, a dealer, a bag man, numbers man, a connection, second-story man, porno dealer, porno artist, gunsmith, goldsmith, locksmith, jeweler, expert forger, marijuana farmer, chemist, pill man, tailor, queen, punk, whore, fairy, informer, laundry man, plant, snitch, *agent provocateur*, hit man, counterfeiter, or any one of a million other possible lucrative vocational specialists. He's upper class. And he lets you know it. Just like on the Street.

The Incomparable One

Stephen Greene's Press, in Brattleboro, Vermont, seems to have a corner on the Max Beerbohm market. If you're a Maximilian, you'll want their *Max and the Americans*, by Katherine Lyon Mix, coming on June 3. Max came here only once, when he was twenty-one, and hated it. For one thing, he said, the Statue of Liberty is vulgar and must come down. Nevertheless, he married an American —and that worked out well—and had many American literary friends. But he refused lucrative offers to set foot here ever again, and when his actress wife, Florence, played in Dublin, he wrote her that he hoped she would like the people "who are as much more civilized and charming than the English, than the English are than the Americans." Caricatures by the incomparable one.

Poet/Novelist

Like Erica Jong, Marge Piercy, and Margaret Atwood, Maxine Kumin is a first-rate woman poet who is also an accomplished novelist. Her third work of fiction, *The Designated Heir*, will be published by Viking on June 3. Robin, who comes from the stuffy Boston semi-aristocracy, is in love with a nice Jewish boy: euphoria, despair, country, city, —plenty. I like these little observations:

Robin thought [about her drunken mother making scenes], but she has no pride! And then thought, no, she has no sense of embarrassment; that's her secret weapon.

Today I picked the first baby string beans and dug out a dozen beets. They are the size of marbles, but they bleed in my kitchen like the Sacred Heart.

They deferred to each other in everything with the exaggerated care of dogs from different territories.

G & S

The august *Times Literary Supplement* of London has a weakness for punning headlines. Their review of *Gilbert and Sullivan and Their World*, by Leslie Baily, was headed "The D'Oyly Routine," referring, of course, to Richard D'Oyly Carte, producer and sometime referee for the gifted pair. The picture-text book, which ably runs over a lot of well-overrun ground, will be published here by Studio Books/Viking in late May. I never tire of reading about grumpy, opinionated, litigious Gilbert, one of the three or four great light-verse artists ever. After writing that, I hesitate —for about one second—to print my double-dactyl about the pair. But I go ahead and do it anyhow:

Niminy piminy
Gilbert and Sullivan
Wrote stuff together
And got very rich.

Nevertheless, even
Characteristically,
Each thought the other
A bit of a twitch. □

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

The Love of Millionaires Is the Root of All Evil

Everyone should have at least one millionaire friend. I am doubly blessed, having two. I must confess, however, that friend Number Two is not a millionaire in the "multi" sense of the word. He is more like a 750-thousandaire. But he was a friend of the late Bernard Baruch, who had friends in high places and was himself a millionaire. My friend always referred to him as Barney Baruch. In my book that counts.

I am not bragging about having two millionaire friends. Our President, as we all know, has three. Their holdings are elephantine. (No disrespect meant for the symbol of their national party.)

One of Mr. Nixon's closest friends is Robert H. Abplanalp, who is the very essence of "a friend in need is a friend indeed." When Mr. Nixon was in need, it was indeed Mr. Abplanalp who deeded him a home.

A second friend was Mr. C. A. Smith of California. Not to be confused with the late C. Aubrey Smith, who, as we remember fondly from the 1936 movie, was the grandfather of Freddie Bartholomew, who was David Copperfield in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

No sir. This is C. A. Smith, whom Mr. Nixon once publicly embraced, saying, "Arnie is my closest and most loyal supporter." Mr. Smith was the head of a $190-million conglomerate that, according to a *New York Times* report, bears the unfortunate title of Westgate California Corporation. (How close can you get?) C. A. Smith now has financial finagling troubles with the government.

The third, the closest and most multi-rich friend, is Mr. C. G. Rebozo. He is so wealthy that he once held $100,000 in a Miami, Florida, bank vault for three years and forgot what, or whom, it was for and also forgot the interest he could have made if he had opened an account of $100,000 in a savings bank, to say nothing of the electric toaster he would have received. Anyway, it was not a piggy bank. But from what I read, somebody was making a pig of himself with money.

My Number One millionaire friend and I are not socially close. There is an unspoken rule about that. Although we both live in the state of New York on a small island named Manhattan, we meet only occasionally at lunch. Not neighbors in the "love thy" sense. I know if I ever went knocking at his door to borrow a cup of money, I would be considered gauche.

Although I receive no material benefit from our friendship, I do get a sort of spiritual and euphoric uplift in the presence of his wealth, in the cozy richness of his company. A man who made it big in the days of small taxes, now retired.

We chat. On a gallimaufry of subjects. All having to do with money. He can describe, dollar by dollar, how he piled it up years ago. He chatters away like a cash register in a supermarket, while I sit clucking away admiringly at his business acumen.

My friend is so rich that he can sustain a life of luxury without ever dipping into capital. Politically, his adoration of our President ebbs and wanes with the Dow Jones averages. When the market is down fifteen points, he's torn between impeachment and resignation. He's all bear. When it's up twenty-six points, he's hail to the chief. All bull.

As he beguiles me with the details of how clever he was to accumulate his wealth, he taps his forehead to indicate that his old bean was always working. Disregarding what he intended to indicate, I once asked if he had a headache. He said he never had a headache. And you better believe it.

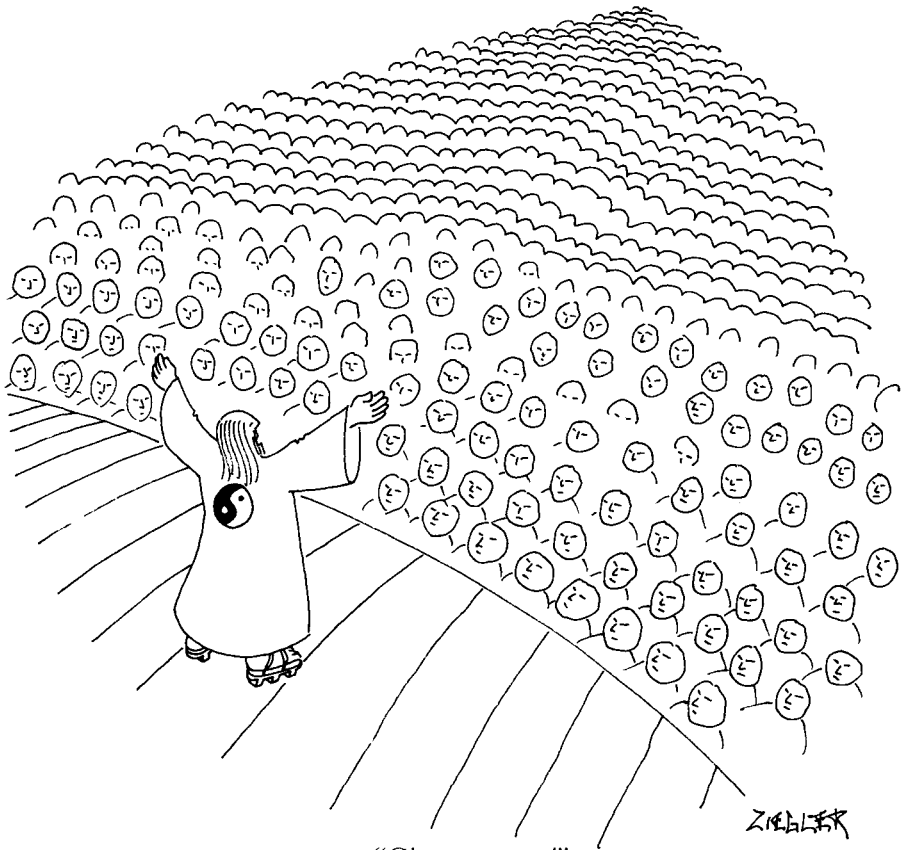
If ever there was a man who knew what he was going to do with all his money, he's the one. He's going to keep it. I tried a bit of humor to make a point: Two men met, and one said he had just heard that Sam Jones had died. The other said he was sorry to hear it.

"Did Sam leave anything?" he asked.

"Everything," replied the other.

No point was made. However, we still see each other. But somehow, after all these years of listening to my millionaire friend at lunch, his wealth of stories, and stories of his wealth, I regret to say that none of it ever has rubbed off on me.

Maybe it's because I was never mad for money. And in return, money was never too mad about me, either. □



"Gimme a yang!"

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

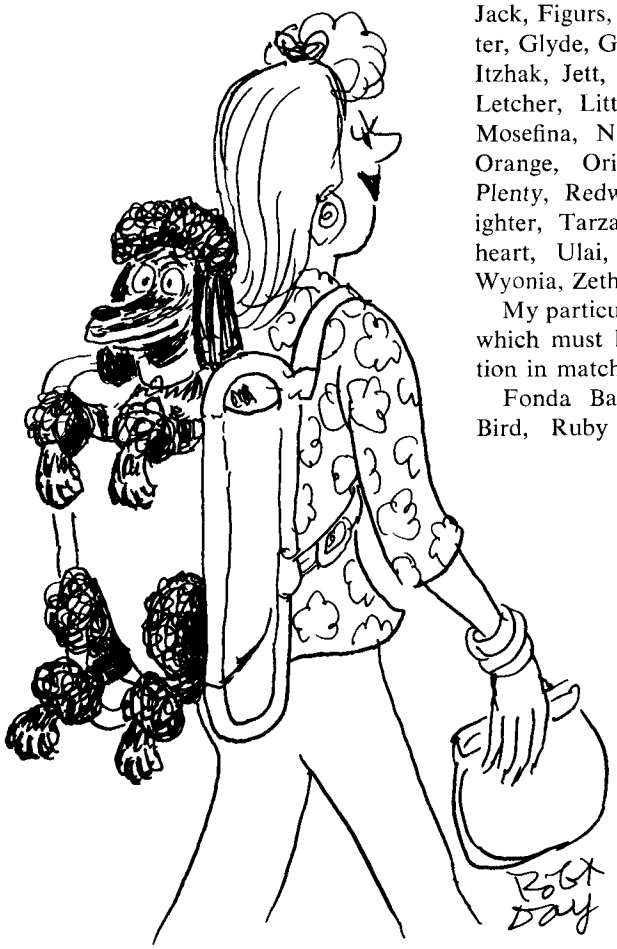
by Cleveland Amory

Dear Mr. Amory,

Re your proper names from Lake City, Florida, may I share with you some proper names from Hopkinsville, Kentucky? Most of these names are those of children I have taught, or members of their families:

Acie, Ambrizella, Arlette, Arnethia, Arthena, Belva, Betheleen, Buel, Capitola, Cardies, Carsie, Ceasley, Clestee, Colister, Colon (his last name is Blue!), Cordas, Cozie, Creo, Crescinda, Crudie, Culson, Dacey, Darnessa, Dency, Denzil, Desma, Dew Drop, Dimples, Duffy (his last name is Knott), Edilda, Elgie, Elona, Erdis, Especulia (she didn't care how you spelled her name just as long as you pronounced it right), Eula, Eunie, Felander, Flauria, Frennie, Garthie, Gaylon, Genobia, Gid, Givily, Glistine, Hoppy, Hosely, Idella, Iretta, Jarann, Jerlene, Jetha, Joycie, Kahle, Keefe, Kizzie, Lacey, Lala, Laquetta, Lavonna, Leasil, Lendie, Lerla, Lermelia, Lernie, Leselda, Liddie, Livy, Lohoma, Lurlean, Luster, Luvenia, Major, Mallie, Melva, Metress, Mosco, Necie, Nyla, Obera, Oples (his last name was Lemon), Orbie, Orlander, Otho, Ousbie, Overa, Ovis, Ozetta, Pearline, Pervis, Queen Esther, Quintine, Quintis, Roshel, Rozell, Rubest, Sephers, Servelia, Sharlotta, Soula, Syrilla, Thural, Tinnie, Trula, Urey, Varsie, Veala, Verlie, Volney, Yourene, Zona, and Zonetta.

Marion Adams
Hopkinsville, Kentucky



Dear Mr. Amory,

My name collection, acquired mostly in Virginia and North Carolina, is heaven knows how long. The number of names in the Richmond section exceeds one thousand and is still growing. The choicer samples include:

Alcidees, Amen, Ardaliah, Area, Arvazine, Azalea, Blarney, Boykin, Breezy, Brodnax, Buttons, California, Chembithera, Cheyenne, Christ, Colonial, Dessaymore, Dimple, Doxie, Dread, Dreamer, Druid, Elfo, Ethyl, Eureka Jack, Figurs, Fula, Gawk, Gazelle, Glister, Glyde, Guyvester, Holiday, Hooker, Itzhak, Jett, Jolly, Kunigunda, Lemon, Letcher, Littleberry, Loyal, Maeronia, Mosefina, Nazerine, Newborn, Olden, Orange, Orison, Piedmont, Pleasant, Plenty, Redwood, Selvage, Snag, Sunighter, Tarzan, Tidal, Tomoria, Trueheart, Ulai, Urchie, Vedivee, Weed, Wyonia, Zetherine, and Zorro.

My particular pets, however, are those which must have required real inspiration in matching first and last names:

Fonda Ball, Miles Barefoot, Wren Bird, Ruby Bottoms, Hans Brinker, Wadsworth Bugg, Jr., Deuteronomy Charity, Delilah Cheatham, Francisco Cid, Pompey Cox, King David, Butch Fagot, Gladys Friday, Pearlie Gates, Vernal Green, Sylvan Grove, Miles Hence, O. Woodland Hogg, M. Sherlock Holmes, Christian King, Zsuzsanna Kiss, Gloria Mundy, Orlando Orifice, Marmaduke Plummer, Jack B. Quick, Culture Rich, Bud Rose, Ivory Spearman, Poetry B. Tompkins, Jr., Tootsie Totty, Eula Truly, Amber Waters, and Golden West.

Susan S. Williams
Richmond, Virginia

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE FORTNIGHT—as spotted by Dr. Richard Grossman of Bangkok, in the *Bangkok World,* an English language daily:

WE
ARE
THE
LEADING
IMPORTERS
OF
PEPER
From
the Union of
Soviet Socialist Republics
Lau Hua Cheang Co., Ltd.
334-338 Plabplachai Road
Bangkok

It's that ol' debbil communication problem.

OLD-COLLEGE-TRY DEPARTMENT—as seen by G. Pearsall of Minerva, New York, in the Albany *Times-Union*:

Verrazzano College in Saratoga Springs is playing the odds that by this fall enough money and enough students will have been found to turn a ten-year dream into a functioning reality. . . .

But since the school arrived, rumors of ulterior purposes have clouded its educational mission.

Dr. Aldo Bernardo, Verrazzano's Hapae-3tai ee pesiee t has spe t it sieeazle tihe zeste litial sepiie ltups it pi ii l liste es thatm his ipesity eally is eeeiiatee tt hilhe lea i l . .

w tqhi ls wee t pey htspitazle at sist it was a cool reception," he reported.

Now that *is* a communication problem.

WANT-AD DEPARTMENT—as located by Robin Tate Allan of the Washington *Religious News,* in the Washington, D.C., *Citizen News*:

Mother with child, dog, cats, fish, and furniture would like free room and board plus salary and some evenings free to take classes in exchange for cooking, child and home care. No sex.

On the other hand, *that's* what we call making things clear. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 25): picot, optic, topic.

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by Leo Rosten

What You Should Know About Einstein, Zippers, and the Sea of Cortez

I have been pruning my correspondence file for the past year, and I moan and groan as I plow through that mortuary chore. For it depresses me no end to see with what patience and charity I answered my mail—not only letters from the bright and worthy but also far-out quiddities from a moon-struck congregation of fans who seem to regard me as a combination of "Dear Abby" and *The World Almanac*.

Why do I answer them? Because I am a coward. I wish I had the courage to ignore oddball correspondents or to reply to them à la Wilde, Mencken, or Leo Durocher, instead of with a craven courtesy that endears me to my pen pals but draws a rasp across my self-esteem.

Every so often I rebel against my milksoppery and in my mind compose the most blistering, soul-satisfying replies you ever heard. (I generally do this on afternoon walks around the neighborhood, where my *sotto voce* cacklings and chortlings cause elderly women to hurry to the other side of the street, often in the middle of a block, thus violating a city ordinance.)

My soliloquous vengeance is a harmless catharsis, God knows—and letting off steam that way enables me to regain the nobility of character, the unflinching good-will-to-all-men that enables me to answer letters in the *ensuing* months with that craven courtesy that endears me to my pen pals but draws a rasp across my self-esteem.

Here are excerpts from the loopier letters I've received from readers—with the rejoinders I wish I had been man enough to mail:

In English novels they are always giving someone's weight not in pounds but in "stones." How can I find out how many pounds are in a stone?

Weigh the stone, dummy, weigh the stone.

What one man or woman do you think has done the most for the human race?

Whitcomb L. Judson. (He invented the zipper.)

"It's been a wonderful evening, Ed. Don't spoil it by asking for another date."

I heard a TV highbrow say that Einstein proved that space is curved. That drives me nuts. Can you explain "space is curved"?

Easily. It all depends on what you mean by "is."

Do you know of a cure for hiccups?

Certainly.

We all know the puzzler: "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?" Is there an answer?

An inconceivable solution. (I wish this were original.)

What one thing most inspires you to write?

The Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Who discovered the Sea of Cortez?

I did.

Someone told me you once lived in Connecticut, in an old colonial house on three acres, with a brook, big trees, etc. —yet you moved smack into the middle of New York City!! Why?

Because I found that I can't talk to, laugh with, or get ideas from trees, brooks, bushes. I can't even communicate with gravel, to say nothing of flooded cellars.

Don't get me right. I love the country. As Socrates said, it is a dandy place to visit. Or as Dr. Johnson put it, "People who enjoy living in the country, should."

In your opinion who was the greatest shortstop of all time—Honus Wagner or Phil Rizzuto?

In my opinion, I was the greatest shortstop of all time. The only shortstop who was shorter was "Rabbit" Maranville.

. . . Why don't we honor, not politicians or football heroes, but true benefactors of mankind—like the man who discovered penicillin??

Thank you. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 49

PHIL SILVERS:
THIS LAUGH IS ON ME

Top Banana is occasionally shown on the TV too-late shows. . . . The young film buffs who stay up all night consider it a collector's item. With all its out-of-synch sound, inexplicable noises, scenes that seem to float under water, it's now avant-garde.

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"Out here on the energy front

Shell men are working 12 hour shifts, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year."

"Welcome to Grand Isle Block 76, 24 miles from land in the Gulf of Mexico.

"This is Shell's drilling rig number 11, the home away from home for 36 men. We're on seven days, and off seven days.

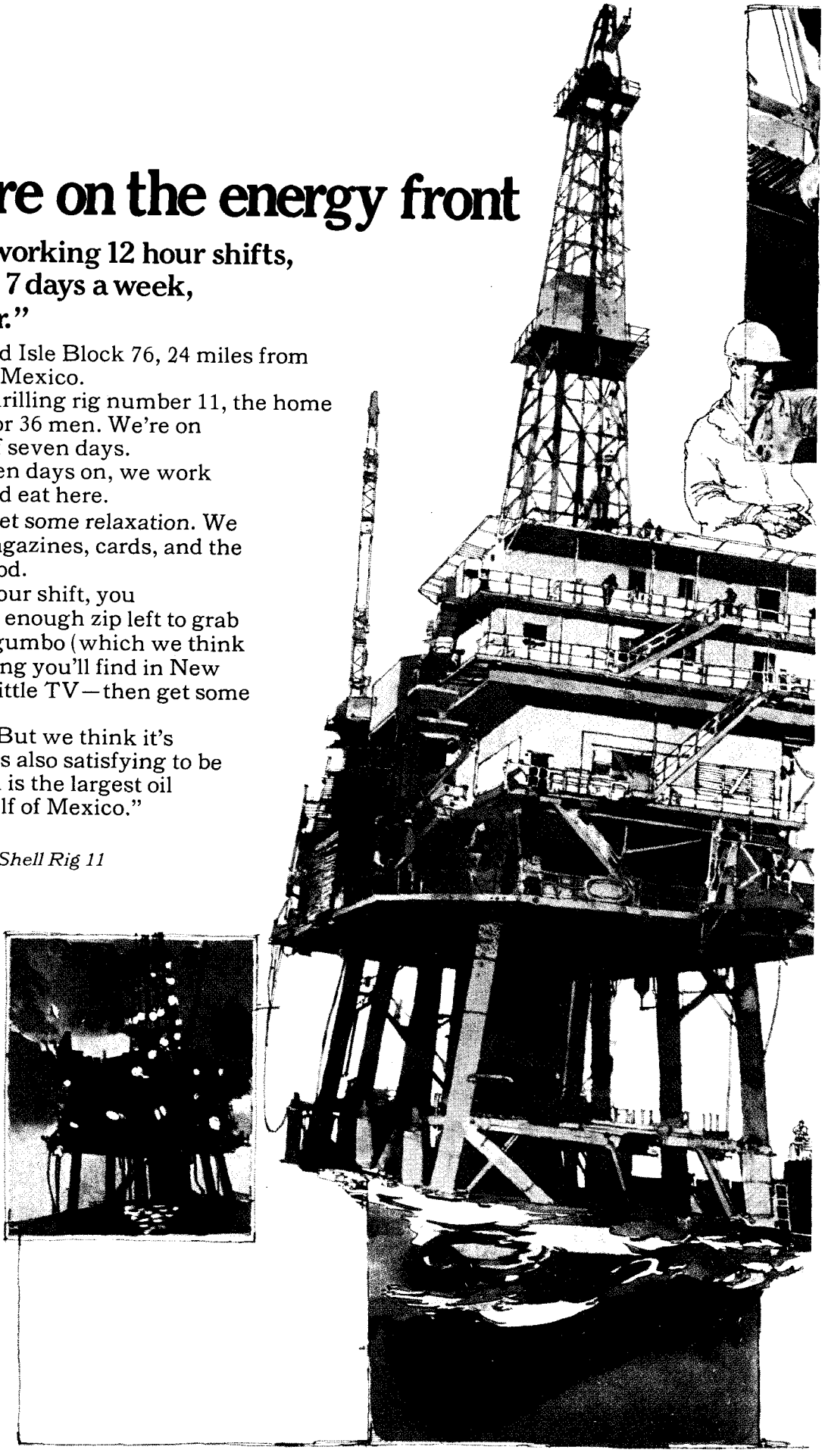
"During the seven days on, we work here, sleep here and eat here.

"Of course, we get some relaxation. We have TV, films, magazines, cards, and the fishing is pretty good.

"But after a 12-hour shift, you usually have about enough zip left to grab a bowl of Shorty's gumbo (which we think stacks up to anything you'll find in New Orleans), watch a little TV—then get some sack time.

"It's hard work. But we think it's important work. It's also satisfying to be with a leader. Shell is the largest oil producer in the Gulf of Mexico."

—*Al Rivet*
Rotary Engineman, Shell Rig 11



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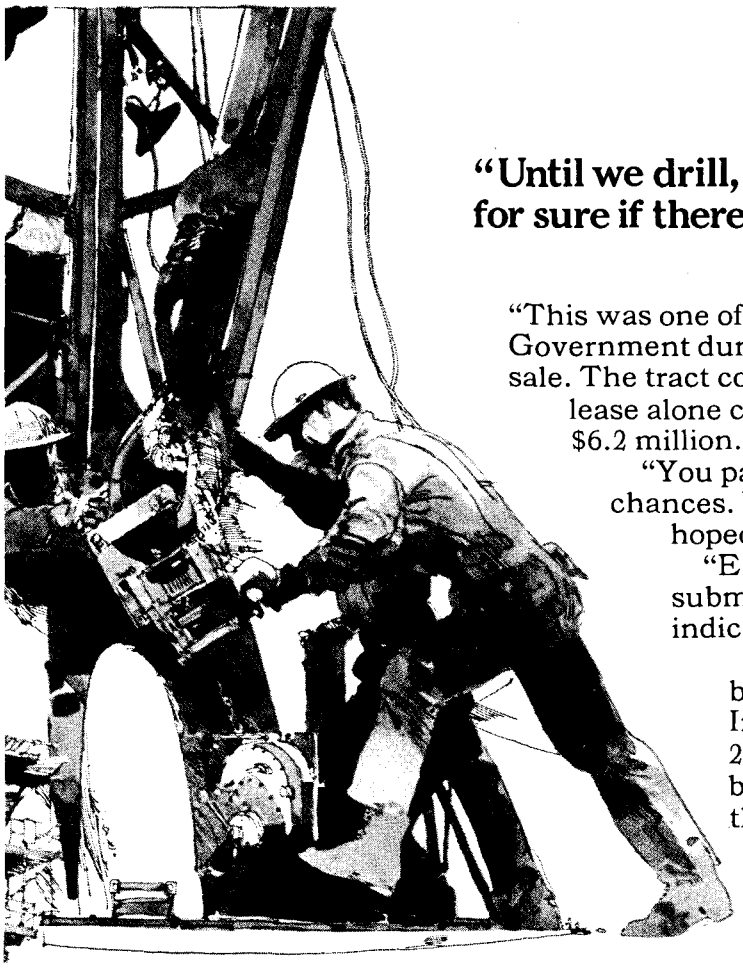


"Until we drill, we don't know for sure if there's oil, gas or 'nothing' down there."

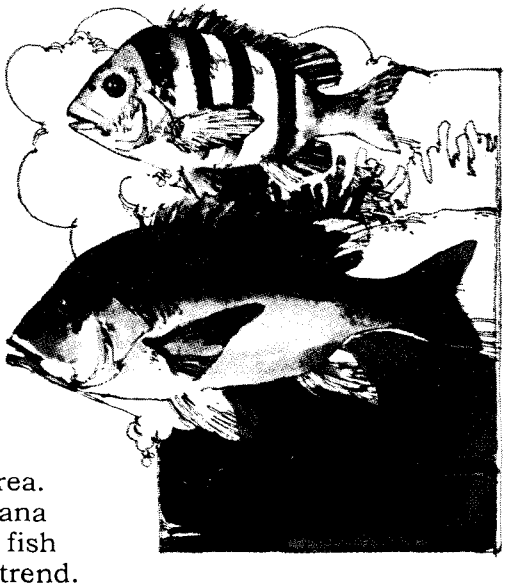
—Chester Robinson
Drilling Foreman, Shell Rig 11

"This was one of 78 tracts offered by the Federal Government during the September, 1972 lease sale. The tract covers about 5,000 acres and the lease alone cost Shell and its partners $6.2 million.

"You pay your money and you take your chances. We did all right here. As we had hoped, we did find natural gas.

"Exploratory drilling, using the semi-submersible rig, *Ocean Explorer*, indicated a discovery.

"But the platform still had to be built. The wells had to be drilled. In all, Shell estimates it'll take about 2½ years and over $17 million spent before we sell a penny's worth from this platform."



"How's the fishing?"

—Eugene A. Shinn
Shell Marine Specialist,
Environmental Affairs Dept.

"Off the rig, it's good.

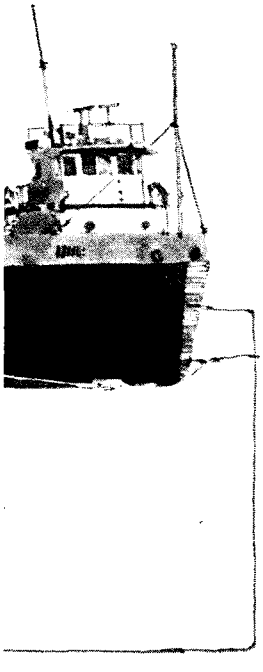
"However, you can drop bales of old rubber tires in the Gulf and get the same effect—an artificial reef.

"Artificial reefs almost invariably improve fishing—in their immediate area.

"The first well off the coast of Louisiana was drilled in 1937. Since that time the fish catch has shown a significant upward trend.

"We don't claim any credit for that, but it's nice to see the Gulf's fishing industry doing so well.

"And our production people tell me that starting around January, 1975, this one platform should start producing enough natural gas every day to heat about 40,000 homes in the northern part of the country—on one of their colder days."



SHELL **People working with energy**

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

The Patois

My Uncle Alec (Alessio di Simone) died some months back at the age of ninety-seven. He was the last of the old mustaches—at least of *my* old mustaches—from the nineteenth-century waves of immigration. After something like eighty years in the United States, he still spoke nothing but the old-line patois of the Italian ghetto, a mixture of mangled English and stage-comic Italian dialect. I myself once spoke that patois, believed it to be a language, and then half-forgot it through disuse. Today, I can recognize it but only barely phrase it. Tomorrow, no one will remember it—and small loss, I suppose—yet it had color. I used to drop in on Uncle Alec especially to hear that patois again. It always gave me a sense of antiquity, as if a comic oracle were speaking from a lost cave.

For it was comic, and the more so because the speaker never realized his own language atrocities. A friend of mine from Italy (I have told this story once before, but context demands that it be retold) stayed in an apartment house in New York's Little Italy one winter. One morning when the heat failed, the janitor knocked on his door and said what translated into: "Excuse me, sir. I am your father, and I am sorry but those who smoke pipes do not esteem one another." He had meant to say that he was the janitor and was sorry but there was no steam in the pipes; but he crossed English *janitor* with Italian *genitore*, "father"; *steam* (Italian *vapore*) with Italian *stima*, "esteem"; and *pipe* (Italian for "a pipe for smoking") with English *pipes* (Italian *tube*): His words were (and he was trying to be formal and elegant): *Mi scusa, signore. Io sono il genitore, e mi dispiace ma non c'è stima nelle pipe.*

The patois, as one can see, was a catch-as-catch-can inter-lingual hop, but it had vigor enough to deserve a few random citations before all is forgotten:

americanizata: Said especially of girls who fought free of strict family controls to assert their independence (unforgivable sin before Women's Lib), and so a standard patois term of contempt (cf. Amish usage *to go English*, meaning "to take on manners and beliefs not of the Amish community"). *Si ha americanizata per fare la no-gooda*, "She has Americanized herself in order to behave up to no good."

baccauso (bah-COW-oo-zo): Standard patois term for "toilet" (Italian *W.C., cabinetto, gabinetto*). Old-line tenements were built with a multi-family *baccauso* in the hall. The term is from the English *backhouse*.

busta (BOO-sta): In Italian means "envelope," in patois it is English "bust," as in, "I'll give you a bust in the mouth." So an Italian father cautioning his children to look but not touch—and meaning nothing really unfriendly—might say: "Looka for the eyes-a, no toucha for the hands, o' I *busta* you face."

lo bosso (in southern Italian dialects, *lo* takes over most functions of the article *il*): "The boss." *Il bosso* has made it back to Italy and is occasionally used by Italians: *Fare il bosso, fare la bossa*, "to act bossy."

boyo scauso: As close as Uncle Alec and his friends could get to "boy scout," but *scauso* (SKAH-woo-zo) is southern dialect for "barefoot" (from Italian *calze*, "shoes"; *scalzo*, "without shoes"). *Souse* did not make it to *sauso*, but I have: "Blessings on thee, aged *sauso;* I was once a *boyo scauso.*"

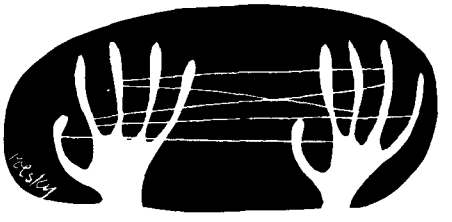
checcemoppa: From "catch 'em up," meaning "to get." "'F I *checcemoppa* ride, I was be home in a time," "If I get a ride I will be home in time." (For "was be," see below.)

cotto: In Italian, past participle of *cucinare*, "to cook." *Il cotto*, in Italian, can only mean "the cooked one" (cf. *biscotto*, "twice cooked"; German *zweibach*, "twice baked"). In patois, *lo cotto* was a rendering of English "the coat."

fattoria: Italian for "farm." In patois, an illiterate adaptation of English "factory" (Italian *fabbrica*).

grinaon (GREEN-a-ON): "Greenhorn." What any man who had learned the word denied being.

Irrono (aye-rro-NO, heavily trilled *r*): "I don't know." There is no particular tendency in the patois to change *d* to *r*, and I have never understood why it happens in this case.



macchiaturo: A survival of low barnyard southern dialect. "Handkerchief." Italian, *fazoletto*; but this usage is from *macchia*, "stain; spot," and conceives of a handkerchief as "the thing for putting spots and stains in." Standard in patois. For relative social standing compare with "snot rag."

make-a som-a shaddup: "Be quiet." ("Make some shut-up.")

panaiesa (pan-EYE-ez-ah): Standard patois for "banana" but inexplicable to me since standard Italian is also *banana*.

pezza, la pezza: In Italian, "piece goods; rag," but standard patois for "dollar." *Costa due pezze*, "It costs two dollars." *Tutto per la pezza 'nipotente*: "All for the [om]nipotent dollar."

sambeiccia (psalm-BAY-tcha): As close as the patois came to "son of a bitch."

scopetta: From Italian *scoppiare*, "to explode." Literally, "the thing that explodes." A shotgun. A straight survival of southern dialect but fascinating as a clue to the backwardness of the old Italian south, for *scopetta* was current usage when Englishmen were still saying "blunderbuss." The usage resembles Elizabethan survivals among U.S. southern hill folk.

la sciabola (SHAH-bow-la): In Italian, "saber"; in patois, "shovel" (Italian, *la pala*). So, too, *picco* (Italian "peak") for "pick." *Si campa co' lo picco e la sciabolo* means in Italian, "One manages to live on peaks and sabers," and in patois, "———by swinging the pick and shovel."

strizzica (STREETS-ee-KA): Italian, *strizzare*; dialect, *strizzicare*, "to squeeze, to wink." But in patois, "streetcar." (Perhaps because a man of good humor had to wink at how rush-hour riders were squeezed.)

lo trucco: Italian *il trucco*, "the trick; the swindle; the deception." But in patois, "the truck" (Italian *camione*).

was be: The perfect language device: the all-purpose tense. Depending on the context, the patois statement "John, you *was be* good boy" (ah, ghosted winds of childhood!) means, "You are, you have been, you must be, you are damned well going to be, a good boy." Also: *Eesa can was be*, "it could be." □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT

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Of Conservationists and Their Critics

In a recent issue of the *Bulletin* of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, the lead essay was a lament for conservationists as prophets without honor. They are misunderstood and ignored. Their "warnings have had few listeners and many critics. . . . Even in the field of ideas, diversity has been shunned and contrary opinion persecuted." In the same issue of only four pages was an extended warning by an eminent Swiss zoologist that a new method for eradicating the vampire bat was not "ecologically sound" because it endangered the survival of this "interesting species," which feeds on the blood of birds and mammals, is a major carrier of rabies, and causes livestock losses of $250 million a year. The second story seemed to explain whatever validity was contained in the first.

Making due allowance for what we have been taught about the balances in nature, the interrelatedness of things, and the importance of the least of earth's creatures, such expression of concern for the survival of the vampire bat hardly deserves space in the only news medium of the world's largest conservation organization. When millions of people are starving and perhaps a billion are undernourished, such preciousness makes the conservation movement look ridiculous, if not totally crass.

This spring an environmentalist with impeccable credentials stood before the annual convention of the National Wildlife Federation in Denver and said: "The issue is not whether we will have animal life for the next generation to enjoy, but whether we will have human life—not whether we will have isolated plots of wilderness, but whether our descendants will inherit anything like what we knew as civilization." Rep. Morris K. Udall of Arizona went on to chastise the environmental movement for being elitist and for its failure to change from a negative posture (understandable in its early battles) to a positive one.

Though placing primary blame for the sorry state of the environmental cause on "impeachment politics" in the White House, Mr. Udall said that conservationists had "found it comfortable to avoid delving into the gut controversial issues," had produced too few "positive, compelling programs," and had failed "to make friends and forge alliances with groups that might be largely with us now—blue-collar America, enlightened industry, the minorities who inhabit our run-down cities." He also charged that "conservation groups are right now involved in self-destructive competition for headlines and a limited pool of members and dollars." Finally, Mr. Udall suggested that to be an effective agent of political change, the conservation movement must organize itself into institutions capable of producing unified policy and of forceful lobbying.

This is stiff medicine and no doubt needed, but, in fairness, several other considerations need to be read into the equation:

- The question of elitism has been debated within the conservation movement for many years, and some steps have been taken. For example, the Urban Environment Conference (UEC), a grouping of labor, poverty, environmental, church, and ethnic organizations, is a "forging of alliances" that has worked effectively in the fields of housing, highways, urban transportation, and occupational health and safety. Of only three positive environmental measures passed by Congress last year, the UEC was instrumental in two—a reduction in the permissible concentration of lead in paint and the breaking of the Federal Highway Trust Fund to permit limited use for urban transportation. Some of UEC's current projects concern the visual environment, solid-waste disposal, and lead in gasoline.
- Only ten days before Congressman Udall spoke, officers of the six largest conservation organizations held a press conference in Washington to show a united front against the more destructive amendments proposed for the Clean Air Act. When the President's energy package was unwrapped a week or so later, the worst of the rumored recommendations to Congress had been removed.
- With the exception of one tax-paying arm of the Sierra Club, all the major membership organizations in the field are tax-exempt foundations, which are precluded from lobbying. Given the stringent legislation passed by Congress five years ago and the uncertainties surrounding the IRS's interpretation of the law, even the press conference mentioned above required some courage. To act on Mr. Udall's recommendation would require a total reorganization and would threaten the movement's principal means of support—the tax-free gift.
- While environmental organizations are limited by law and resources in what they can do, business can charge off as a business expense unlimited (and often despicable) advertising to persuade the American people that environmentalists are responsible for the fuel shortage and that strip-mining, or whatever, should go forward regardless of environmental impact. It is an unfair fight, in which the public, both as consumer and taxpayer, subsidizes one side.
- Of course, conservation organizations compete for funds but rarely for members. Much of their membership is overlapping, and when one goes up, the trend is up for all. In the ninety-day period from November through January, when the energy shortage was at its worst, membership in the National Audubon Society had the biggest jump in growth in its history—30 percent over that of the previous year. Hardly an indication that the movement is in decline.

The conservation movement is old. The much broader field of environment is relatively new and so all-encompassing as to exceed the interest and competence of any one group. The innumerable environmental organizations that have sprung up in recent years have been most effective when they have defined their interests clearly and focused their activities narrowly. None of the new groups has achieved the

Colombian Heads Confex '76

Enrique Peñalosa, administrative manager of the Inter-American Development Bank and a former minister of agriculture in his native Colombia, has been named secretary-general of the United Nations Conference/Exposition on Human Settlements, to be held in Vancouver just two years hence. The appointment and other preparations for CONFEX '76, called by the General Assembly in 1972, are considerably behind schedule.

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size and stature of the established conservation organizations, and the best of them have not tried. Nor have any of the old-line conservation organizations managed to encompass the environmental field, broadly defined. Given the legal limitations upon most organizations concerned with the environment, their different purposes and traditions, the task of forging permanent alliances and appropriate organizational structures is formidable indeed.

When all is said, however, it is true that the major conservation organizations have failed to outgrow their past preoccupation with flora, fauna, and the preservation of wilderness areas. Despite considerable effort to change, they remain exposed to the accusation that they are less concerned with man than with nature. Their contention that the two are inseparable may be intellectually and aesthetically valid, but emotionally and politically it has limited appeal.

Global Report

Salzburg—Two heads of state, four premiers, and a covey of ministers were among the participants in an off-the-record discussion here with members of the Club of Rome, sponsors of the celebrated *Limits to Growth*. What distinguished the two-day session was the high-level confrontation between European and Third World leaders in a scientific, rather than a political, atmosphere. The principal spokesmen for the developing countries were President Luis Echeverría of Mexico and President Leopold Senghor of Senegal, with Algeria's Minister of Culture and Information running radical interference. However, all political leaders participating had in common an unwillingness to halt economic growth; they differed only on whether some restraint should be applied, on the goals of development, and on how the spoils should be distributed.

Kuala Lumpur—The Malaysian parliament has passed a bill creating an Environmental Quality Council and a federal department headed by a director-general to administer the council. The measure also provides for government licensing of all waste-producing establishments and the imposition of license fees according to type of industry, its location, and the kind and quantity of pollutants discharged. Fines of up to $25,000 may be levied for oil discharges in Malaysian waters.

During the debate on the second reading in the lower house, speaker after speaker recounted "horror stories" of pollution in their district: of industrial pollution of rivers used for drinking water, of suffocating odors from rubber factories, of discharges of sulfuric acid from cement plants, and of intense smoke from mills burning sawdust in residential areas.

Boston—The state of Massachusetts is considering a proposal to make public lands available for family gardens. An office would be set up in the Department of Agriculture to assemble a central list of vacant or temporarily unused land, to process applications, and to issue permits. Applicants would have to submit an acceptable plan in advance and would be prohibited from selling their produce. The Office of Garden Allotment would also provide information and technical assistance.

Mweka, Tanzania—African elephants were over-hunted even in Roman times. Throughout the middle of the last century, more than a thousand tons of ivory were shipped to Europe each year, and by the end of the century the African elephant was nearly extinct.

Now under protection, elephants have made such a strong comeback that the available land and water cannot sustain them. A scientist here at the College of African Wildlife Management contends, however, that this is a reaction to their near-extermination, a phase of their recovery. It is not, as many believe, the peak of a natural cycle of "irrational animals," as described by Malthus, headed for an inevitable crash. The significance of the claim is that it argues against culling—currently a matter of sharp dispute—and in favor of allowing elephant populations to find their own level of stability.

United Nations, New York—A report on the "brain drain" prepared for the meeting of the U.N. Committee on Science and Technology for Development shows that, of the 16,492 scientists, engineers, and physicians who immigrated to the United States in 1970, nearly 70 percent were from developing countries. Professionally trained Indians living abroad number at least 18,500, and during a four-year period in the mid-Sixties, nearly 3000 Indian doctors took up practice in the United Kingdom alone.

The brain drain is largely confined to a dozen countries: Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, India, Iran, Nigeria, Pakistan, the Philippines, South Korea, Sri Lanka, and Turkey. The flow is distributed almost entirely among Australia, Canada, France, West Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

Freeport, Grand Bahama Island—Oil spills in the ocean may sink to the bottom or be caused to do so as a means of "cleaning up." What happens then—to the oil and to the marine environment? To find out, scientists are conducting controlled experiments here, using an underwater laboratory as well as teams of divers.

In the first phase, carried out in January, it was found that even in these relatively warm waters, five days of exposure had no effect whatsoever on three types of oil commonly transported by sea. "None of the test oils showed any measurable signs of aging or any tendency toward aging." Nor was there any detectable level of solubility of the oils, which in most cases were mixed with various kinds of sinking agents.

More detailed studies of the impact on the marine environment are currently underway, and scientists will return repeatedly to the site to observe the long-term behavior and effects of oil pollution on the ocean floor. Particular attention is being given to the impact on coral and on the organisms that inhabit it.

Annecy, France—Melting snow from the Mont Blanc range has been harnessed to drive an underground hydroelectric plant. The water is trapped at an elevation of 4646 feet under the "Sea of Ice" and is carried for a mile by underground conduit. There the water drops vertically to the power plant a thousand feet below and then runs off to the Arveyron River. The effective flow rate is said to be 494 cubic feet per second, providing an input of 42.5 megawatts.

Miami—Studies by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration find that hurricanes have some redeeming features. They frequently leave fish concentrated in their wake and, by cooling the water, may reduce the violence of other storms that cross their paths.

The water is cooled by loss of heat to the hurricane, by mechanical mixing of warm surface water with cooler water below, and by upwelling near the center of the storm. The upwelling is likely to bring nutrients to the surface, attracting enough marine life to create what one scientist called "a kind of transient fishery behind the hurricane." In the wake of one hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico, the phytoplankton near the surface nearly doubled, providing exceptional fishing for several weeks.

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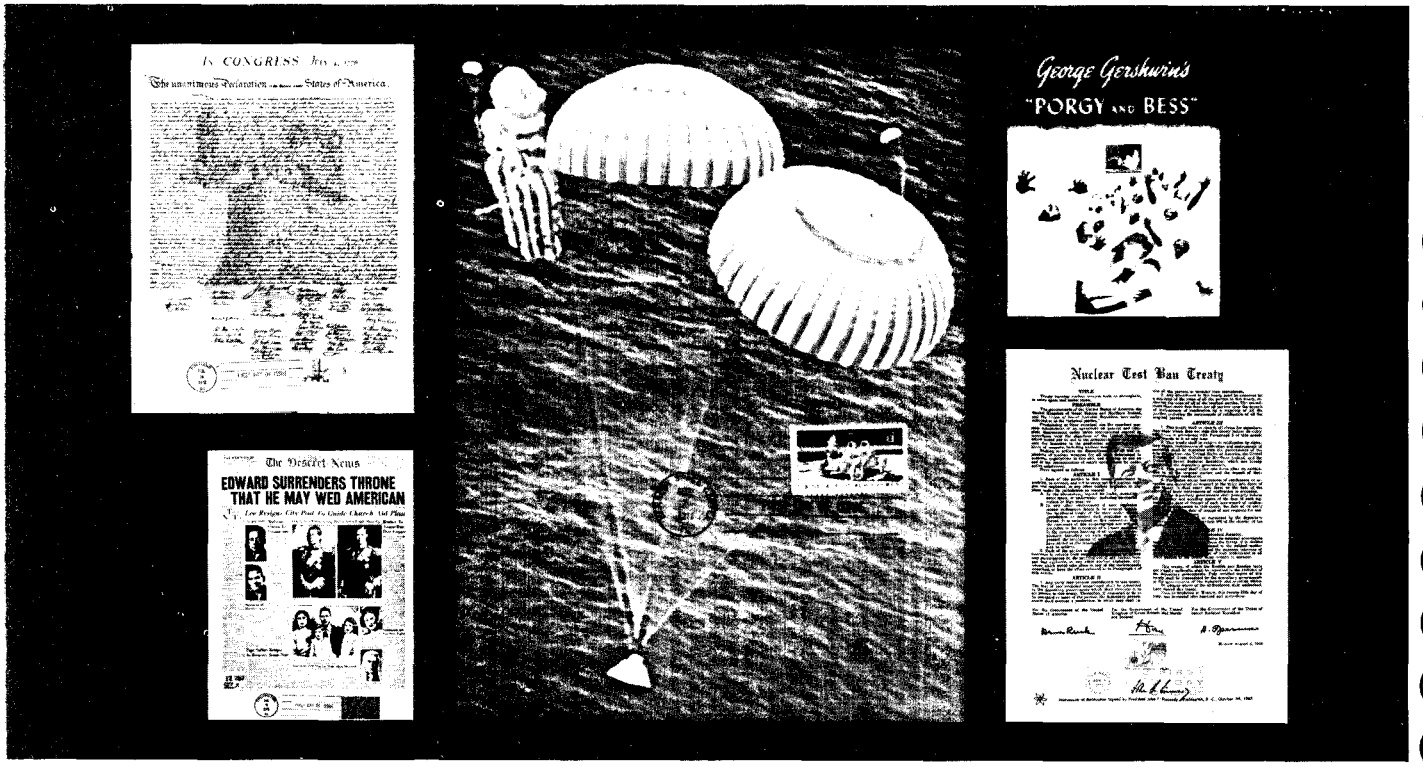

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The Belgian Bonus

Photographs: Belgian National Tourist Office

Brussels's Grand' Place—Sniff for Victor Hugo's ghost, sip drinks in the café.

by Horace Sutton

Even in the beginning days of April, Belgium, from the North Sea to the forests of the Ardennes, shone with the portent of spring. Brussels was bright with patterns of tulips in the little pocket parks about town. Antwerp, the old port city, lay dappled with color, and even Liège, once a grubby mining town that mines no longer, was at least making the effort—a civic box of massed hyacinths here and a planter of tulips there.

And yet it is not quite so simple for the passing visitor, even the most outrageously romantic sort, to be overcome with sentimental waves. One can wring out maudlin drops of slush over E. Y. Harburg's lyric of "April in Paris" ("Whom can I run to—What have you done to my heart?"*). Even Avril in Portugal can twang a string, but who can fancy a throaty ballad called "April in Antwerp"?

Belgium, for all the sorrow that has befallen it, seems a nation dedicated to business, eager to turn a Belgian franc. The Brussels cabdrivers, even some of the café waiters, extract their own tips, a minimum of 20 percent in cabs and 16 percent in cafés, with a little bit added at *their* discretion.

On the very crossroads of Europe, the country has been as often a battlefield as a peaceful center of commerce. Napoleon and Wellington pitched the final battle of an era of warfare at Waterloo, twelve miles outside Brussels. Kaiser Wilhelm's Uhlans raided its countryside, and the outrages of the German invaders fanned the United States into a wartime fire in 1917. Ypres and Flanders Field are the souvenirs of the First World War.

Malmédy, where Hitler's forces massacred captured Americans in uniform, and Bastogne, where Gen. Anthony McAuliffe delivered his eloquent, if inelegant, reply ("Nuts!") to the German request for an American surrender, are the relics of the Second World War that raged through Belgium, too. It was even the overtures King Leopold III is supposed to have made while seeking a German accommodation in the months before 1939 that led to his enforced abdication after the war was over, and the accession of his son Baudouin in 1951 as the regal, if titular, ruler.

As with most colonial powers, the dreams of an empire beyond the seas evanesced on the winds of the independentist storms that followed the end of the Second World War. The Congo, once as prized a Belgian province as Indochina was to the French, erupted in a revolution that was to cost thousands of lives, including that of Dag Hammarskjöld, the late secretary-general of the United Nations. Now under President Mobutu, the Belgian Congo has become the Republic of Zaïre, and relations are still strained. Only the collections on view in the Royal Central African Museum and the few dusty souvenirs for sale in the antique shops remain as permanent trophies of the African adventure.

As a crossroads—one cannot travel more than one hundred miles from the Brussels city limits before coming to the border of a foreign nation—Belgium, especially Brussels, has become an international center. Over 340 international organizations have chosen the capital as their headquarters. And these include NATO, the rickety structure of the postwar Western military cooperative that was dispossessed from France, and the Common Market, the economic coalition hard-pressed by internal friction.

This new role for an ancient city has inspired the creation of an altered physical face that is far beyond the modern expansion built to shelter the visitors and the exhibitors who attended the splendid World's Fair in Brussels in 1958.

Now there are larger glass blocks of buildings, massed cubicles to hold the 5000 employees in the Common Market headquarters; new banks, offices, hotels, including, naturally, a Hilton and a Sheraton. The Hilton is a twenty-seven-story shaft with an eyrie on top; the Sheraton in the new Manhattan center has 500 rooms and apartments.

With all the trappings of its ascendance to a world role, Brussels has nonetheless been able to maintain enclaves of

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yesterday—winding alleys; musty, hidden cafés; stone bric-a-brac dark with the dust of a thousand legends; and, too, the ceremony that festoons a dozen festivals dear to its multi-lingual population, some of whom speak French, others Dutch, and at least sixty-four thousand in the eastern regions, German.

Marionettes, stilt-figures, masked penitents, and carnival roisterers still patrol the ancient cobbled streets on festival days, as much to the sustenance and sense of continuity of the local populace as for the pleasure of visitors from abroad. Ever sensitive to the marketplace, Belgium has ordained 1974 as folklore year.

THE NATION HAS ALSO TURNED its full propaganda barrage on an artfully contrived promotion called "Belgium's Bonus Days," popularly known as *bay-bay-day,* the initials as pronounced in French. Specifically aimed at North America, it provides a book of bonus coupons to every traveler originating in the United States or Canada who starts or ends a trip in Belgium. Some coupons are valid for reductions in meal prices; others provide free sight-seeing rides, no-cost museum entries, and even nights at the opera. Most have provisos attached. Free Saturday nights are, for instance, offered to any BBD visitor who spends Friday at one of the participating hotels. Sunday morning breakfast is thrown in as a lagniappe. In the end the visitor applies at the airport for a farewell gift worth about a dollar. The hooker is that the gift is exchanged for the book itself, a measure that prevents the unused portions from being passed into the hands of a traveler coming later.

Even though the dollar is up, one dollar is not going to buy much in Belgium, either in Brussels or in the hinterlands. A room at a modest, though clean and newly refashioned, hotel near the rail station in Namur still costs $27.50 for two with Continental breakfast but without service; and the table d'hôte lunch or dinner is $7.50 before one tangles with the wine, the tip, or the tax.

On the other hand, one can get around Belgian cities, if one can manipulate the transportation system, aboard a network of trolley cars. It costs only sixteen cents to ride the tram in Brussels, although, to take another indicator, the smallest chocolate egg available around Easter time in those attractive candy shops in Brussels was no less than seven dollars.

The city's heart beats in the Grand' Place, which was the first metropolitan marketplace back in the 1100s. It was popular for executions, too, although only noble persons warranted such an elegant milieu for their demise. The market still meets here at first light, but by the time the rest of the city is up, the stalls are gone, the cobbles hosed and swept. Then the flower sellers come, except on Sunday, when the square is reserved for the bird market. The tourists arrive at all hours to contemplate the mélange of buildings; to hear the story of the French bombardment in 1695; to sniff for the ghost of Victor Hugo, who once lived here; to sip drinks in Le Café de la Grand' Place, which is never called that because its popular name is the Café du Roi d'Espagne.

To bivouac in the center of the city, a visitor might take rooms at the Hotel Amigo on the rue de l'Amigo alongside the police station, a name that survives from the days of Spanish occupation. *Amigo* is an argot word for a police station, probably because the keepers of the Spanish peace, about to take a Belgian into custody, were inclined to say the equivalent of "come along, *amigo,*" or so some unlicensed etymologists think.

Rushed to completion for the Brussels Fair of '58, the Amigo is handy, but the rooms have the look of fatigue. The Brussels Hilton, now seven years old, has 373 rooms, and until the arrival of the Sheraton it was the largest in Brussels. Considering all the attractive, celebrated, and quaint restaurants in town, a night on the Hilton roof would not have been my personal choice. But having been conveyed there as a guest, I endured the lobster and shrimp done in a creamy bisque sauce, the tiny lamb chops served simply with a *fond d'artichaut*, and a huge tulip-shaped pastry carrying ice cream and strawberries, which turned out to be the most memorable meal of my short invasion of the nation. The prix fixe for that bit of gourmanderie is about twenty-five dollars in U.S. currency.

Surely the handiest of the hotels, considering the proximity of the railway network to the airport, is that other American entry, the Westbury. It is neat, complete, compact, and remindful of the Westbury in London. And, as I say, the bellman has only to roll one's bags across the street where, for $1.50, the departing tourist can board the train for the sixteen-minute run straight to the airport, about the most civilized form of airport transport I've run across anywhere in the world.

Anyone who likes the Plaza in New York City will enjoy the Astoria, an uptown hotel of about the same vintage. If

Middleheim Park, Antwerp—Boasts the Rodin refused by the French Academy.

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one can forgive the historical fact that it was headquarters for the Gestapo, the Oriental carpets, the fussy old columns, and the antique furniture—especially the old brass beds—make it something of a well-kept and rather elegant museum. All the rooms, many of which have supplied repose to royal heads, have been redone, and it will cost about forty-five dollars to rent one for a night, including breakfast, tax, and tips for two. The royal suite, with black-and-gold bath and damask drapes and spread, fittingly enough overlooks the rue Royale. Any commoner can rent it for $100 a day, and for a spender with a spare C-note, eager to blow it, the pad is surely worth it.

"The police at a Belgian university, with a certain lack of humor, were diligently arresting streakers who bloomed on campus with the onset of spring."

BRUSSELS, considering its associations with France, the culinary predilections of its own citizens, and the number of foreign residents it continually entertains, is not without a formidable string of fine restaurants—L'Epaule de Mouton on the rue des Harengs (or to put it flatly, on Herring Street), La Couronne and La Maison du Cygne on the Grand' Place, are a handful of high-priced beaneries. La Villa Lorraine in a nearby *faubourg* is the only restaurant outside France to be knighted with three stars from Michelin, but to my mind it is not worth the trip nor the inevitable argument with the cabdriver. It is a far greater fascination to take off by foot down the rue des Bouchers (Butcher Street) and the smaller Petite rue des Bouchers, which are filled with tiny bistros serving mussels and Zeelande oysters (in season), rabbit in Flemish style, and the inevitable beefsteaks with piles of French-fried potatoes —called *frites* here—and salad.

It is doubtless more stylish to cruise the Place du Grand Sablon, an orderly square lined with antique shops and with restaurants, too, among them the expensive La Devinière and the popular Au Vieux Saint Martin, which will do anything from snacks to *waterzooi*, a local form of chicken (it can also be done with fish) fricassee, all in an agreeable setting of respectable contemporary paintings.

On Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings, an outdoor antique market is set up in the shadow of a church on the Place du Grand Sablon. One ought to puff up the hill to the Petit Sablon Square, a charming plot laid out a century ago, surrounded by bronze statuettes that represent the forty-eight guilds of the Middle Ages. From there it is a short promenade to the Place Royale, where Godefrois de Bouillon, a duke from Ardennes, rides his horse, looking down at the spire of the town hall rising above the Grand' Place.

From Brussels one can take the train and be in any part of the country in less than two hours, and to most parts in much less. It is only twenty minutes to Louvain, at whose university, the police, with a certain lack of humor, were diligently arresting streakers who bloomed on the campus with the onset of spring. It is just over an hour eastward to Liège, which remained the capital of an independent state until the French Revolution, trading together with Aachen, now German, and Maastricht in the Dutch panhandle. The German double eagle still hangs over the town hall in Liège, looking at the Perron, a Druid column that since the Middle Ages has stood as the symbol of freedom. Liège remains independent and often almost revolutionary, wrapped in a life that is almost singularly its own. The museum of the Walloons, which was installed in a convent in Liège two years ago, is a first-class display of all faces of the life Liègoise—carnivals, marionettes, the replica of a tavern, and much ado about sorcery, which still lives.

The citadel above the city was built by Sebastien Vauban, the French fortifications expert, at the bidding of Louis XIV. One false move from the revolutionary Liègois, and Louis could let them have it. Far in the distance one can see Aachen, twenty-two miles away, and to the right and south, the Ardennes, where the set pieces of World War II were so dramatically played out.

Vauban built a citadel for Louis at Namur, too, in southeast Belgium astride the road to Bastogne. But the city has made a pleasant playland of it, with restaurants and tennis courts, and a handsome Amigo Hotel set in an old villa. There has been a casino in Namur since 1911—a private club to get around the legal obstacles, but anyone with the price of admission is an automatic member. It is popular with the Dutch, who rattle down the highway from Maastricht, carrying bags of guilders and hearts full of hope.

Antwerp, a walled city for 1000 years, and in the sixteenth century the chief commercial and cultural center west of the Alps, has been, until a few years ago, immersed in shipping, trade, and diamonds. It has suddenly begun to mine tourist riches, too, building a new freeway three years ago over the moats in front of the walls that fortified it for 1000 years. Once a city without adequate hotels, it has, phenomenally, added 3000 beds in three years. Moreover, all its museums are free, and one can walk from one to the next, visiting the house where Rubens lived and worked (and died), or riding out to Middleheim, the open-air museum of contemporary sculpture begun in 1950, which provides a green setting for both a Rodin (the Balzac statue refused by the French Academy) and a Henry Moore.

Belgium, like almost any other sovereign nation, has its own airline, Sabena—I won't involve you with an explanation of the acronym—and I traveled on it thither and yon, tourist-class going, first-class returning. Perhaps one ought to say that the spring vacation period ought to be avoided, for the 747 the night I rode it was chocked to the ailerons with a Philadelphia boys' choir and a teenage school group, which shuffled cards and banged the tables with the decks all through the night. The strips of beef were excellent, but too difficult to eat in such cramped quarters. Chefs who prepare food in airline kitchens on the ground ought to be made to test meals in flight, not for culinary excellence, but for pure manageability.

Riding in the expensive seats on the westward leg, I was somewhat aghast to find the cabin crew alternately nipping from the wine bottles and dissolving into gales of laughter over a copy of *Lui*, a French magazine that makes *Playboy* as prurient as Uncle Remus. The flying maître d'hôtel, his cheeks by now rosy with the grape of France, managed to drop hot coffee in the lap of the unfortunate gent in the row in front of me. That put a damper on things for about fifty miles as the 747 flies, but soon the house party was in full swing again, at least among the members of the cabin crew, and I debarked at Kennedy wondering if perhaps the Belgians are not nearly as somber a sort as I had understood them to be. □

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Growing Up Here and There

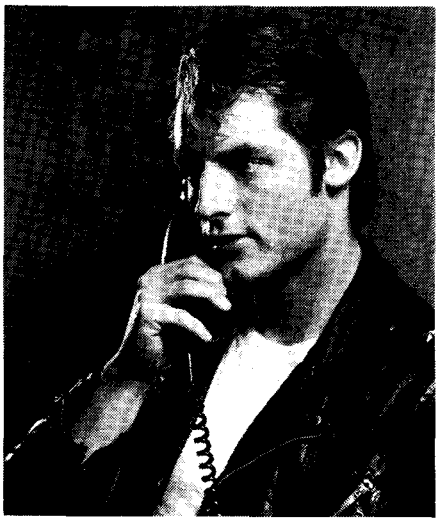
by Hollis Alpert

A film called *The Lords of Flatbush* might easily suggest a lurid tale of youthful muggers, stompers, and rapists at loose in the wilds of Brooklyn, but surprisingly and pleasantly, this isn't so. True, the somewhat-overgrown high school seniors named Chico, Stanley, and Butchey do harass their teachers a bit. One of the three misappropriates a car to take his favorite girl out on the town, and they fight with another bunch of boys (over the same girl), but otherwise it could easily have been called "Growing Up in Flatbush."

Stanley, the toughest of the three, settles down early; the suggestion is that the others will too, and become husbands and fathers, and work at auto repair, cab-driving, or possibly movie producing and directing. As a matter of fact, two former Brooklynites who now live in Manhattan, Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson, combined their talents, their savings, and their Brooklyn memories to conceive, write, direct, and produce the film in tandem. They were co-everything from the start and remained so until the end—a miracle of sorts, when it is realized that they began the project with $40,000 and managed to scrounge the remainder of a low-low budget as they went along.

In a way, they broke the rules of this kind of film production. The book on it says that such a film, lacking stars and major financing, must be of an exploitative nature, that it must have violence and sex and general all-around luridity to gain distribution. Verona and Davidson, however, took their chances doing it another way. I'm not aware of any movie in recent history that has had two directors—not unless one was thrown off, another brought in, and the screen credit shared. Verona, a skilled maker of television commercials, handled the technical end, while Davidson, a former actor, mainly worked with the actors. Davidson also happens to be a former agent, which probably accounts for the excellence and charm of the cast.

I was particularly impressed with Perry King as Chico and Sylvester Stallone as Stanley. Although the story is a loosely strung series of incidents, there are some gems among them, notably a scene in which Stanley is egged on to buy a diamond engagement ring for the girl he has gotten pregnant and is about to marry. The time is the mid-Fifties, and if the problems encountered by the boys



Perry King in The Lords of Flatbush.

are hardly earthshaking, their very normality gives the film a certain solidity and substance.

MORE PROBLEMS of the late teens are to be found in *Paul and Michelle*, and what gives the film its uniqueness is that it's a sequel to one made three years ago called *Friends*. If you missed it, don't worry, and it wouldn't be too worrisome to miss *Paul and Michelle* either, since it's one of those middling pictures that is neither very bad nor very good. Paul and Michelle, of the earlier film, were fourteen-year-old runaways who settled down briefly in an abandoned cottage in the French Camargue, had themselves a child, and were then hauled off by parents and authorities, the girl to a French convent school, the boy to an English public school.

Now, three years later, Paul is in search of Michelle. He's about to enter the Sorbonne, but there's the summer ahead. He finds Michelle and child in Nice, where they're living with an older man (all of thirty-two), and then it's back to the Camargue for a bit and after that to *la vie bohème* in a student quarter of Paris. At the end they've separated once more, and if this film turns out to be the money-maker *Friends* was, we should be able to meet Paul and Michelle again three years from now. The British filmmaker Lewis Gilbert did the story, direction, and production, and though it's competent enough, it just seems to lack the yeast that would make the whole thing rise.

The House on Chelouche Street arrives here from Israel, after several festival appearances, and it has sturdier qualities than *Paul and Michelle*. The film deals with a Jerusalem family just before Israel achieves statehood. There are echoes of clandestine activity against the British occupiers and of the onset of the war with the Arabs, but the emphasis is on a widow trying to raise three children, one a boy of fifteen or so who is experiencing growing and sexual pains. A young divorcee takes him under her wing for a time and seduces him, much to his embarrassment. The widow, meanwhile, is thinking about remarrying, a thought much in the minds, also, of her relatives. One's involvement in the film is mostly due to the believability of the people and to the honest reflection of their lives. Gila Almagor as the plump and zesty widow is an actress of stature, and Shai Ophir as the troubled son is sensitive and accomplished. Moshe Mizrahi wrote and directed the film; he has done it well and distinctively.

Yet another boy emerging from his adolescence is the focus of the Italian *Malizia*, and, conveniently, there happens to be an attractive young woman handy to provide him with his sexual indoctrination. This film, however, is all leers and erotic innuendo, which, I guess, was the intention. Into a widower's household in Palermo comes a new maid, hired by his now-deceased wife as one of her last acts. The maid is everything she should be: devoted to serving father and children, an excellent cook, neat and hardworking, and stunning besides. The children, three boys, range in age from about six to eighteen. It's the middle one, Nino, fourteen, who is most fascinated by the maid, and he soon sees his elder brother and his father as rivals for her attention. Upon which he plays games on her—nasty games—not knowing where they'll lead.

The father proposes to the maid, and she accepts. But it's wicked Nino who secretly wins her. Maybe this was meant to be *Mourning, Italian Style*, complete with irony and satire, but Salvatore Samperi, the director, has a heavy hand and, when in doubt, tends to veer toward obvious sex comedy. Nino, the malicious teenager, is not supposed to be very likable. He isn't, but neither is the film. □

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Theater

New York's Theater of Pan

by Barbara Mackay

Just as America's streets and television screens were one day, without warning, beset by streakers, there has recently been a sudden, spontaneous explosion of nudity in New York theater. Not that naked bodies are a novelty here. They have been around since the Sixties, when *Dionysus '69* and *Oh, Calcutta!* broke all the rules about what could or could not be said and done in public, and when, overnight, explicit sex and obscenity were no longer taboo.

In a way, the current eruption of stage nudity may be seen as an extension of that original theatrical "liberation." The difference is that when actors in the Sixties proclaimed the merits of free love, one could assume that they meant heterosexual love. Now, however, they're bowing before a new idol—pansexuality. Even nudity is no longer the controversial issue it was during the last decade. Now it's just one feature of pansexual theater, in which sexual anarchy is a given, heterosexuality is passé, and conventional sexuality is replaced with homosexuality, bisexuality, transvestism, group sex, and transsexuality.

Barbara Mackay, a recent graduate of the Yale Drama School's criticism program, teaches at Queens College in New York City.

It's anyone's guess how pansexual theater will affect drama in the smaller cities and towns throughout America, but it has already established itself in most of the larger urban areas.

In San Francisco, a male burlesque show called "The Male Symbol" had a brief run. Based on the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold theory that women like male nudity, the show was originally aimed at a heterosexual female audience but quickly drew a male homosexual crowd. Countless revues in San Francisco dance halls and restaurants feature female impersonators. Charles Pierce, a stand-up comedian-impersonator who calls himself a "male actress," is a favorite. There is also a San Francisco group that mounts famous musicals—including *Hello, Dolly!, Mame, The Boyfriend*—with all-male casts. And for years one of San Francisco's most famous tourist stops has been Finocchio's, a club where transvestite performers entertain a primarily heterosexual audience of out-of-towners.

In Chicago and Los Angeles, the scene looks much the same. During the past few years both cities have had a variety of female impersonators, various plays about homosexuality, and several productions in which males play the female parts.

There is no simple explanation for *why* pansexual theater has suddenly flourished. Its creators and supporters would no doubt argue that it is a reflection of changing sexual norms in contemporary society, proving, as unisex clothes and haircuts do, that sexual distinctions are no longer clear-cut, polarized, and inviolable.

Yet this argument implies that pansexual theater is a legitimate response to a widespread cultural trend, that sexual habits are changing rapidly and on a grand scale. In fact, pansexuality is not yet revolutionizing the world: The sexual liberation of a relatively small number of people has simply been given a tremendous amount of publicity.

For the past few months national news and entertainment media have bombarded the public with facts and figures indicating an increase of homosexuality and bisexuality throughout America. *The New York Times Magazine* published an article this winter on the metamorphosis of James Morris, one of Britain's well-known writers, into a female, Jan. [On transsexuality, see "Crossing the Sex Barrier," *SR/W*, April 20] Recent biographies of singer Janis Joplin, actress Tallulah Bankhead, and writer Dorothy Thompson have all testified to their subjects' bisexuality. And an April issue of *New York* magazine included two articles about bisexuality, making a case for its historical precedence (Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Lord Byron, and Colette, it claims, were all bisexual) as well as its contemporary popularity, particularly among "prominent personalities": Singers Joan Baez, David Bowie, and Lou Reed, actress Maria Schneider, and writer Kate Millett have all recently announced their bisexuality.

Lee Richardson and Michael Moriarty in Find Your Way Home—*Pan pals.*

ALL OF THIS has contributed to the emergence of a new sort of sexual chic: It's fashionable now to break with conventional sexuality and then to talk about it in public. And, to a large extent, pansexual theater is simply the theatrical expression of the drive to be in vogue. Of course, it may be a few seasons before Broadway presents a musical comedy about transsexuals, but New York producers have clearly cashed in on the relatively "acceptable" issue of homosexuality. *Find Your Way Home*, by John Hopkins, is a conventional domestic drama about the eternal love triangle, except that this time the two men are homosexual lovers; one part of *Noel Coward in Two Keys* deals with

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the revelation of an aging man's homosexual past; *Sextet* is a musical in which a woman visits her son and his current male lover; and Christopher Hampton's *Total Eclipse* is about the relationship between the poets Arthur Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine.

THE CRUCIAL QUESTION to be asked of these, and of all pansexual productions, is, How honestly do they reflect the issues of sexual identity? Are they legitimate responses to cultural and social phenomena or simply expensive peep shows appealing to prurient interests while advertising themselves as theater?

Male burlesque and male revues present the least problem in this regard, since they don't pretend to be anything they're not. Officially, these shows are illegal, because they either depict sodomy or other lewd acts or can be judged to be "utterly without redeeming social value." But since an arrest on an obscenity charge cannot be made without a complaint from an observer, and since most observers are willing not only to watch but even to pay to watch such shows, there is little chance of their being closed. Some theaters have been closed because of intervention by the New York Public Morals Division of the police department, but now that the 1973 Supreme Court ruling has left the definition of pornography up to the community, the standards for punishment are unclear, and the majority of these cases end in fines rather than imprisonment.

When nudity or lewd acts are incorporated into conventional dramatic productions, the issue of pornography becomes murkier. The usual case made for nudity is that it may be an integral part of the play. For instance, in David Storey's *The Changing Room*, which appeared on Broadway, there is nothing intentionally erotic about the scene in which a team of rugby players change from street clothes into uniforms.

But occasionally it is not so easy to decide whether nudity is used for legitimate reasons or whether it is gratuitous, intended to shock or titillate the audience. In the current Broadway production of *Ulysses in Nighttown*, an adaptation of part of Joyce's novel *Ulysses*, the tarts who dance around the stage naked from the waist up contribute to the mood of the bawdy, raucous hell Leopold Bloom inhabits for a night. And Molly Bloom's monologue, as she lies nude on her bed, is clearly one of the play's most effective sequences. In

Friedman-Abeles

Zero Mostel as Leopold Bloom in Ulysses in Nighttown*—Fantasizing childbirth.*

fact, the remarkable thing about this scene is that, despite her vivid descriptions of lust and physical sensation, she remains distant, beautiful, and anything but salacious.

The problem with the nudity in *Ulysses in Nighttown* is simply that there is too much of it—it eventually dominates the stage, dilutes Joyce's description of Nighttown, diverting the audience's attention from his complex imagery to simple Broadway spectacle.

In the same way, Joyce's Circe is literalized, changed from a symbolic, to an actual, torturer. Originally a madam, Circe is turned into a man in woman's clothing, cracking a whip, sadistically enticing and forcing Leopold Bloom through a nightmare of confused sexual fantasies. The subtle suggestion behind this circus-sideshow character is that even nudity is not enough, that it no longer has sufficient shock value.

THE VILLAGE GATE'S production of *Let My People Come*, on the other hand, begins with the assumption that nudity is not only enough—it's all one needs to sell a show these days. With music and lyrics by Earl Wilson, Jr. (the columnist's son), the show was obviously intended to be the ultimate statement of eroticism and sexual liberation in the Seventies. Its range of visual and verbal pornography is extensive and explicit.

But even obscenity can't obscure the show's pretentiousness: At heart, the cast suggests, we're really good kids trying to save society through sex. Almost all the ballads reflect a soppy romanticism, referring to a sunshiny world in which everyone loves everyone else and even God approves of licentiousness. In short, *Let My People Come* is a classic example of misrepresentation, pandering to an audience of mainly middle-class men and women, offering them burlesque in the guise of legitimate theater.

Just as nudity is substituted for dramatic content, the issue of homosexuality is also used to sell certain mediocre plays with the promise of "relevancy." Actually, there is an aura of sensationalism about these productions: The scenes in which two men embrace are clearly intended to shock a primarily heterosexual audience. Even worse, in their effort to give homosexuality a "fair hearing," these plays finally propagandize for it.

Find Your Way Home, for instance, would be a totally unmemorable melodrama if it were about a man leaving his wife for another woman, instead of another man. As the drama unfolds, there is no real contest between the conventional and the unconventional relationships: The wife is portrayed so negatively and the young lover so positively that it is almost impossible not to affirm the homosexual alliance. The audience is virtually coerced into condoning the husband's desertion of his wife and child.

Fortunately, not all pansexual theater is so manipulative. Female impersonation, for instance, does not make an argument for transvestism. It simply announces the fact that men do dress and appear—convincingly—as women.

In *French Dressing*, a revue which had considerable success in Greenwich Village, four men appear in rotation,

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dressed and coiffed into near-perfect replicas of Marlene Dietrich, Edith Piaf, Judy Garland, and other famous female singers, and mouth the words to their original recordings. The show depends on illusion of the sort that breaks down if you get too close and can hear the actor's husky, whispered voice or can see the glue on his false eyelashes and fingernails, but from a distance, the effect is sensational. The impersonators have their singers' gestures and physical characteristics down pat: "Judy Garland" continually runs her hand through her curly hair, "Streisand" sings with her taloned hands as much as with her malleable mouth, a big-bosomed "Bette Midler" stomps around the stage in foot-high platform shoes.

The combination of visual effects, music, and movements cancels out the fact that it's all a spectacular fraud. The performance takes on its own life and becomes as exciting as the real thing.

THE LATEST OFFERING from Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company, *Hot Ice,* also employs sexual role-switching, along with a variety of comic devices—slapstick, wordplay, social, political, and literary satire—to spoof everything from mysteries to Pirandellian drama. One well-endowed "female" character appears bare breasted, bald, heavily made up; gradually it becomes apparent that the chest cover is plastic and the actor a man. Another man plays a leggy sexpot in hotpants and in miniskirt. In the middle of the show, a woman dressed as a man and a man dressed as a woman stop the show to protest the idea of euthanasia. These characters all contribute to the impression of a topsy-turvy world in which nothing is what it seems to be.

Ludlam does not use grotesquerie for its own sake, though. His curious images point out the absurdity of various extreme personal and social credos: Exaggerated sexuality or asexuality, gangster brutality or drug-induced love for all people, the desire to live forever or to die at the age of ten and avoid the fuss —all are mocked, gently but effectively.

Of course, for theatergoers who are not interested in new sexual modes, there are a few conventional productions left in New York: A bare-breasted *Medea,* for instance, which seems to use nudity for no good reason except that it's in vogue. But, given the current trend, one must be grateful for small favors. At least this Medea's not yet a man. □

Louis Melançon

Curtain call for Vanessa*—Fifth and sixth from left: Menotti and Barber.*

by Irving Kolodin

In the nature of things, cultural symbols, especially musical ones, are more abundant in Europe than they are in America. You could pass an apartment house on East Seventy-second Street in Manhattan every day for a lifetime and not know that it was here that George Gershwin wrote most of *Porgy and Bess.* On the other hand, Edward MacDowell's home in Peterboro, New Hampshire, endures because his widow had the foresight to convert the surroundings into a haven for other artists, a purpose it has served with distinction for decades.

The latest home that has had its day and gone the inevitable way has long been known to the musical community as Capricorn. Here, within an hour's drive of New York but isolated from distractions (save the occasional drone of a plane overhead), art—specifically the art of music—reigned supreme for more than three decades. An apter name from the zodiac than Capricorn for the building might have been Gemini, for it possesses two of almost everything—sleeping quarters, working areas, with drawing rooms around the communal dining area, even composers. It was, until a recent sale, the home of Samuel Barber and Gian-Carlo Menotti. It was here that Sam toiled and Gian-Carlo spun, that their triumphs were celebrated with friends, and that one could retire to meditate on an infrequent non-success and take comfort in the knowledge that the other knew "exactly how it felt."

As unlike as they were in background —Menotti was born in Cadegliano, Italy, Barber in West Chester, not far from Philadelphia—they shared the kind of bond that can only be formed in youth. The link between them was a famous Italian pedagogue named Rosario Scalero, the teenage Barber's composition teacher at the Curtis Institute for Music when it first opened in Philadelphia in 1927 (he also studied piano with George Boyle and voice with Emilio de Gogorza of operatic fame). Scalero's class was joined a year or so later by the seventeen-year-old Menotti, bearing a letter of introduction from Mrs. Arturo Toscanini. Menotti spoke no English, and Scalero had no pupil who spoke Italian. But he knew that Barber spoke French, as Menotti did, and brought them together in the hope that the American would be hospitable to the visitor. Menotti spent his first American Christmas at the Barber home. The relationship that evolved carried them through many, many more in the decades that followed.

DIVERSE AS THEY WERE in background and temperament—Barber withdrawn and reticent, Menotti voluble and extroverted—they were wholly at one in a major commitment to music and the artistic life. "People thought we were

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spoiled," Menotti said, "because we knew exactly what we wanted, and that included practically the whole world." That could hardly be held against them. Both gave early evidence of extraordinary talent, and they were soon off and running on winged feet that appeared capable of carrying them to whatever destination they fancied.

Even during his student years, Barber was winning prizes and being published (the much-performed song "The Daisies" was in print when he was seventeen and has never been out of the Schirmer catalog since). Before he was thirty, he had the satisfaction of having the famously beautiful Adagio from his early string quartet sponsored, as a piece for orchestra strings, by Toscanini. Performances and recordings followed here and abroad. Even earlier in the same year, Menotti's name had joined the list of the world's elite in the Metropolitan Opera repertory when his *Amelia al Ballo* (for which he had written book and text as well as music for student production at Curtis) was paired in a double bill with Strauss's *Elektra.*

To say that both artists "had arrived" is hardly an overstatement. The decision soon after to share their lives and fortunes (professional, if not financial) in a house that would serve their common purposes was as natural a development as a young business executive's choice of the girl next door to be his wife. If the productivity was of a different sort, it proceeded regularly and with a high average annual yield.

But not all of what they both achieved was written on Haines Road in Mount Kisco, New York. A wanderer by nature, Barber was, from time to time, impelled elsewhere (after he had served in the U.S. Air Force during World War II), especially to Rome. Menotti's string of successes, followed by the television and film productions, took him regularly to many parts of the world. And, of course, Spoletto became an alternate base during the summers after he established the Festival of Two Worlds there in 1958.

But Capricorn remained a focal point for their lives, a place to which they returned for many months every year. It was to Capricorn, for example, that Maria Callas came when she was being wooed by Rudolf Bing to create the title role of *Vanessa* (the major artistic collaboration of Barber and Menotti). Her decision to turn down the invitation was drawn on the line that she had never performed on the operatic stage in English and felt it a good precept by which to abide (even though the original description, in the *dramatis personae,* of Vanessa as "a woman of forty" had been altered, before the score was shown to Callas, to "a woman of great beauty").

Bob Serating

Samuel Barber—A compositional life.

Composition as a way of life is notoriously unreliable. Even when the problem of subsistence is not a high priority—both Barber and Menotti have a sufficiently substantial "catalog," and the royalty status that goes with it, to be reasonably secure—the cyclical nature of productivity has to be reckoned with. Hugo Wolf, it is sometimes forgotten, could go for months without writing a single song and then stumble on a textual source that would bring forth ten or fifteen in a gush. Giuseppe Verdi, that seemingly endless fount of inspiration, spent more than a decade without major production after completing his *Requiem* in 1874. He was more than seventy before the impulse came to create *Otello* (first produced in 1887), followed by the lyric laughter of *Falstaff,* at more than eighty! On other levels, Reynaldo Hahn wrote his great setting of Victor Hugo's *Si mes vers avient des ailes* as a teenager and never achieved the same success in the busy life that followed, nor did Erich Wolfgang Korngold ever equal *Die tote Stadt,* written at twenty-three. The creator must learn to live not only with himself but also with the nature of his gifts.

The rich promise that served both Barber and Menotti so well in youth and the fulfillment that followed have petered out for both lately. It is no secret that Barber was deeply affected by the disaster visited upon his *Antony and Cleopatra,* written for the opening of the Metropolitan Opera at Lincoln Center in 1966. And only recently, in an interview in the Sunday edition of *The New York Times,* Menotti let it be known that he didn't think any new work of his would be fairly judged in that paper and that, henceforth, he was going to live in an ancestral castle in Scotland. It is also true that the emotional tie which bound them together so long has outrun its life span. Friendship remains, however. Menotti participated in editing and emending *Antony and Cleopatra* for the revised version, which will be produced under Juilliard auspices next season.

One can only wish them well with it. The best of *Antony and Cleopatra* is much too good to remain forever under the blight of overproduction visited upon it by Franco Zeffirelli. If the revision works, one more durable memory will be added to the best of what they accomplished at Capricorn. But even without that happy outcome, it would be an abdication of creative responsibility for either to downgrade what they now possess in artistic experience, compositional craftsmanship, and musical judgment to compensate for what time has taken from them.

The successes of their youth need not make them slaves to a youth cult—which is all too prevalent in this country—nor overly fearful of their impinging mid-sixties. This period should have no more significance for people entrusted with such gifts as Menotti's and Barber's than it had for Ralph Vaughan Williams, Igor Stravinsky, Frank Lloyd Wright, Thomas Hart Benton, and dozens of others many years their senior (including Pablo Picasso).

If Capricorn finally commemorates the best of Barber, or Menotti's *The Medium, The Telephone, Amahl,* and other things that prompted Virgil Thomson to extol him as "the Count of Mt. Kisco," it will remain a unique symbol of a dual occupancy that endured over thirty years. It was a span of time in which the campaign to create an American audience for American composition was being waged and won, and what was done at Capricorn helped mightily. □

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Fine Arts

Patterns of Paris in South America

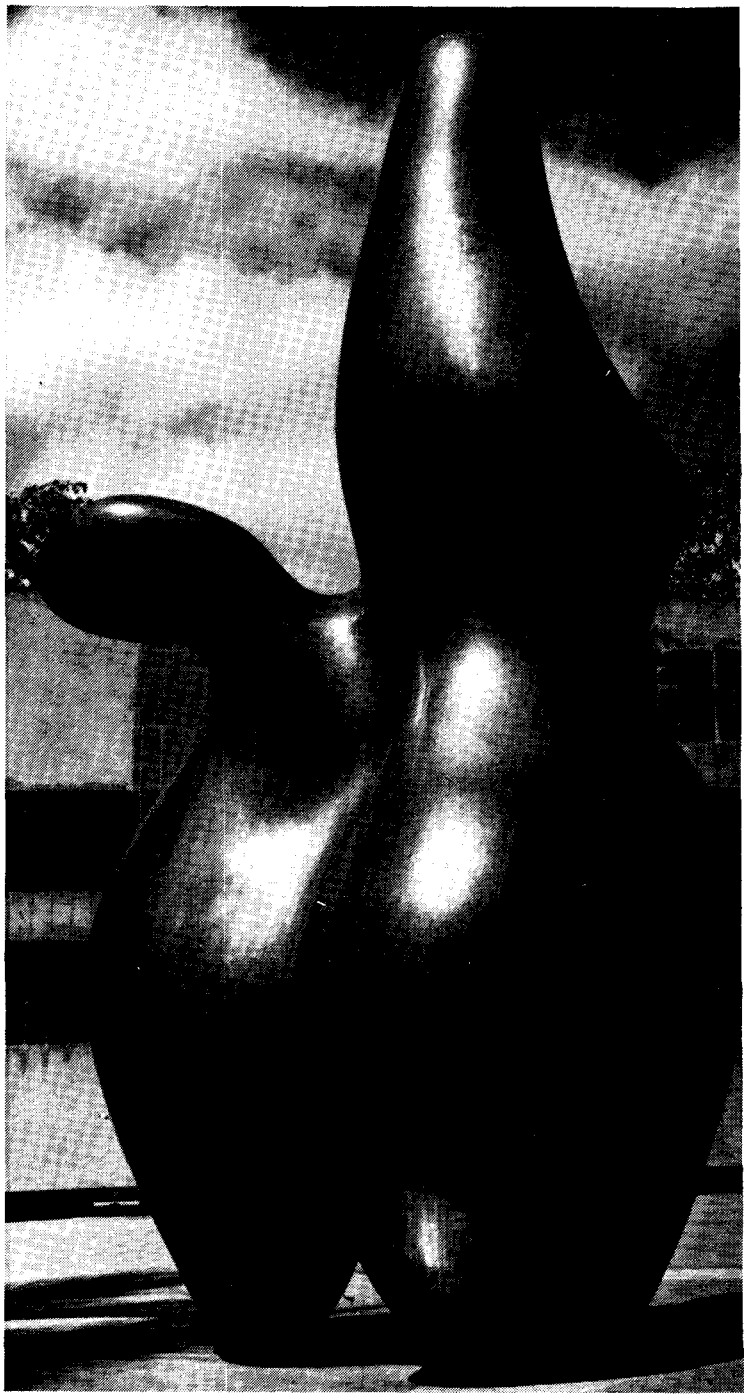
by Katharine Kuh

Granted that South America is scarcely the happiest hunting ground for art, still there are occasional under-publicized surprises. With the exception of renowned sites in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, where ancient Indian art flourished, and of the towns in Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, and Bolivia noted for well-preserved colonial remains, art worth the search is far from plentiful. There are, however, two outstanding experiences that many visitors overlook. I refer to the Museu de Arte in São Paulo and to the Universidad Central de Venezuela in Caracas. For some reason, tourists in Venezuela are herded through Bolivar's house and to a banal "German village," but are never taken to the university, where a remarkable collection of modern paintings, mosaics, stained-glass windows, and sculpture—all on a monumental scale—is integrated in an ambitious architectural compound.

The university is unique not just in South America but throughout the world as an educational institution predicated on the conviction that contemporary thought cannot be divorced from contemporary vision. No imitation Gothic towers here, no Romanesque turrets or neo-classic columns, but instead an architecture related to the climate and topography of Caracas and an art related to the pioneer discoveries made in Paris some twenty years ago, when the campus was under construction.

Caracas, an assemblage of tasteless skyscrapers that ignores, abuses, and obstructs a beautiful mountainous landscape, boasts only this single architectural triumph, a triumph that remains curiously unmentioned in all euphemistic tourist brochures. As I move around the world, I become more and more disillusioned by how grossly the travel industry underestimates its clients. The extensive complex of buildings, covered walks, plazas, courtyards, gardens, and art that makes up the Universidad Central de Venezuela is doubly welcome in light of the city's surrounding mediocrity. Indeed, I can think of few other modern universities where the original plan conceived of art as an inseparable part of the overall design. Here paintings, mosaics, and sculpture by some of the world's greatest twentieth-century figures were not afterthoughts to embellish already existing structures; they exist as organic forms that developed along with the buildings, much as Baroque sculpture did with the architecture of its period.

No wonder Sandy Calder told me fifteen years ago, "The work of mine I like best is the acoustic ceiling in the auditorium of the university at Caracas. It's made from great panels of plywood —some thirty feet long—more or less horizontal and tilted to reflect sound." I might add that the panels float above the audience in a cloud-like ambience, providing almost perfect acoustics and, at the same time, visual sensations of extraordinary freedom. Here, form follows function with exemplary success.



Work by Arp, Caracas—Art as an inseparable part of a campus.

Calder is particularly well represented in Caracas. Along with the acoustic ceiling at the university are several of his mobiles, among them a trembling white one aptly called *Snow Flakes*, also a superb stabile, *The City*, in the courtyard of the Museo de Bellas Artes. His work is in Caracas because of one man, the architect Carlos Raul Villanueva, who designed the university and brought to it distinguished works by Léger, Arp, Vasarely, Pevsner, and Laurens, as well as by Calder and several contemporary Venezuelan artists.

Not easily forgotten is a freestanding curved wall by Léger, covered front and back with mosaics that are almost as intense as the sun of Caracas, a sun in the constant process of transforming these mosaic murals. Although a cloud can solidify them into sonorous orchestrations, direct sunlight touches them with a kind of dancing electricity. Standing there in front of that wall, I recalled Léger's excitement over the mosaics at

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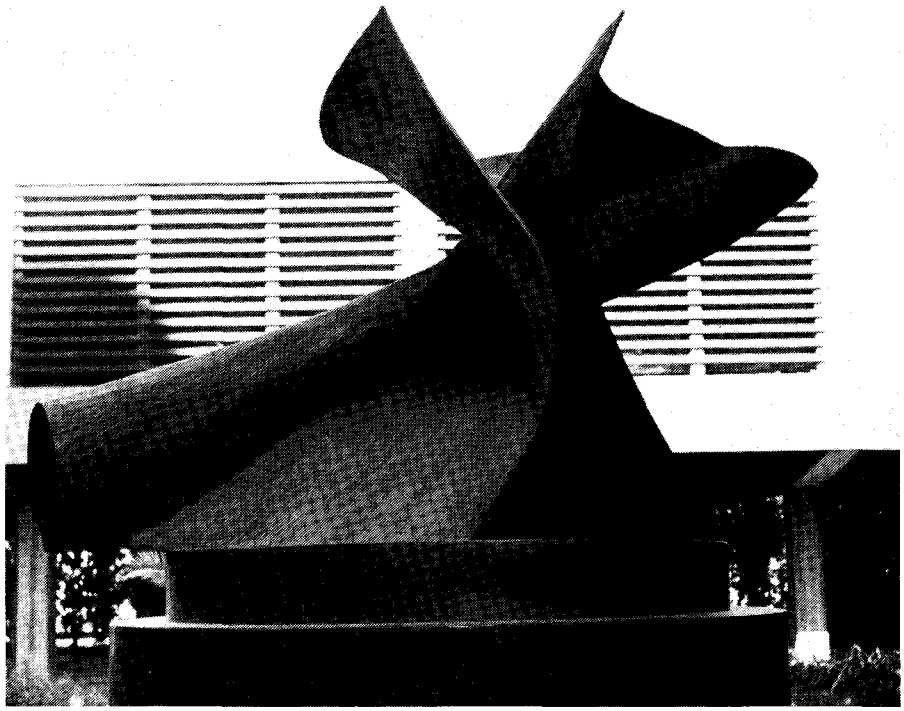
Ravenna, which he claimed as a pivotal influence on his work. Throughout his life his paintings were to incorporate the hieratic majesty of these Byzantine masterpieces. Always at the back of his mind was the nagging hope that commissions for monumental outdoor mosaics would come his way. Only a few did, and none more to his spirit than the wall at Caracas, where stylized masks explode into powerful abstractions. Nearby, in the same partly covered courtyard, a bronze sculpture by Henri Laurens called *Amphion* seems more related to the rhythms of music than to the intricacies of mythology. And this is appropriate, since the piece is located adjacent to the university's concert hall. Across the spacious courtyard stands a full-bodied double figure by Arp, its golden bronze surface scarred, alas, by vandalism.

During my stay in Caracas, I clipped a local newspaper report denouncing certain deplorable physical conditions at the university. The article did not exaggerate. The campus does, in fact, resemble a disaster area, what with broken bottles and discarded refuse underfoot, with relatively new buildings literally falling apart, with works of art defaced by political posters or, worse, by sharp instruments. That this is a university, a place of higher learning, makes the devastation all the more incredible. To encounter a handsome aluminum screen by Vasarely doubling as a billboard for scrawled notices, to find a rare Pevsner sculpture buried under rags and dust in a sadly untended garden, are typical experiences. In an oil-rich country like Venezuela, surely the government could allot adequate funds for the maintenance of what ought to be a national monument, and surely it is not too much to expect students and faculty to show some normal respect for internationally recognized works of art.

Indoor objects at the university have fared better, perhaps because of more supervision. In any case, Léger's stained-glass wall (too overwhelming to be called a window) in the library is intact and unquestionably one of this painter's major works. Though he designed it, he was never able to see it *in situ*. I think he would have been pleased. Essentially a public artist, he always insisted that architecture and art must be coordinated in a generous collaboration. In the library at Caracas the union is especially happy, for Villanueva's unhurried handling of space makes Léger's glass wall a luminous extension of that same space. It is to the architect's credit that neither Calder nor Léger can be understood fully without a visit to Venezuela.

Moreover, Carlos Raul Villanueva, who still lives in Caracas, was always ahead of his time, even as late as 1953, when construction started on the university. At once pragmatic and aesthetic, the campus results from thoughtful juxtapositions of space and form that culminate in vistas punctuated by splendid works of modern art. Air-conditioning is unnecessary because of the architect's inventive use of grilles and openings geared to prevailing winds and designed as visual connectives. In Caracas the sun can be punishing, but under the university's covered patios and in its buildings judiciously open to cross ventilation, the temperature remains agreeable. Even more important, the methods used to attain this comfort provide additional interest. Vents take on innumerable forms, which in their controlled variety act as unifying elements.



Sculpture by Pevsner— Vistas punctuated by works of modern art.

THE SECOND SOUTH AMERICAN experience I recommend is in São Paulo, Brazil's and Latin America's largest city and the fastest growing and most inhuman one. This concrete metropolis of 6 million people, with its forest of high-rise structures, is so dominating and dense as to endanger life. Scarcely a flower or tree remains, all stifled by inadequate space and oxygen, despite a balmy tropical climate. That human life persists is a tribute to man's powers of endurance. São Paulo's staggering presence is a salute to bigness, newness, and materialism. The city merges its disparate parts in one vast unplanned amalgam. It does not ape Europe or the United States; it is a phenomenon of its own making—a pollution-permeated, sun-drenched eminence.

Better known to foreign visitors than the university in Caracas, but less widely promoted than it deserves, is São Paulo's Museu de Arte, which includes some fine Old Master paintings along with a sensational group of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works. There are thirteen Renoirs, ten Toulouse-Lautrecs, five paintings each by Cézanne and van Gogh, to mention only a few of the museum's riches. And it is not merely numbers that are notable; it is also quality, for often the works have been chosen less as typical examples than as unorthodox cornerstones of modern art. Many are now considered landmarks in the development of nineteenth-century painting, as witness two early canvases by Cézanne, his painting of *Paul Alexis Reading to Zola* and his *Portrait of Scipion,* also several late and early nudes by Renoir, a complete set of Degas bronzes, to say nothing of fine works by the Nabis, Manet, Gauguin, Matisse, and other illustrious contemporaries. In addition, precursors of Impressionism are well repre-

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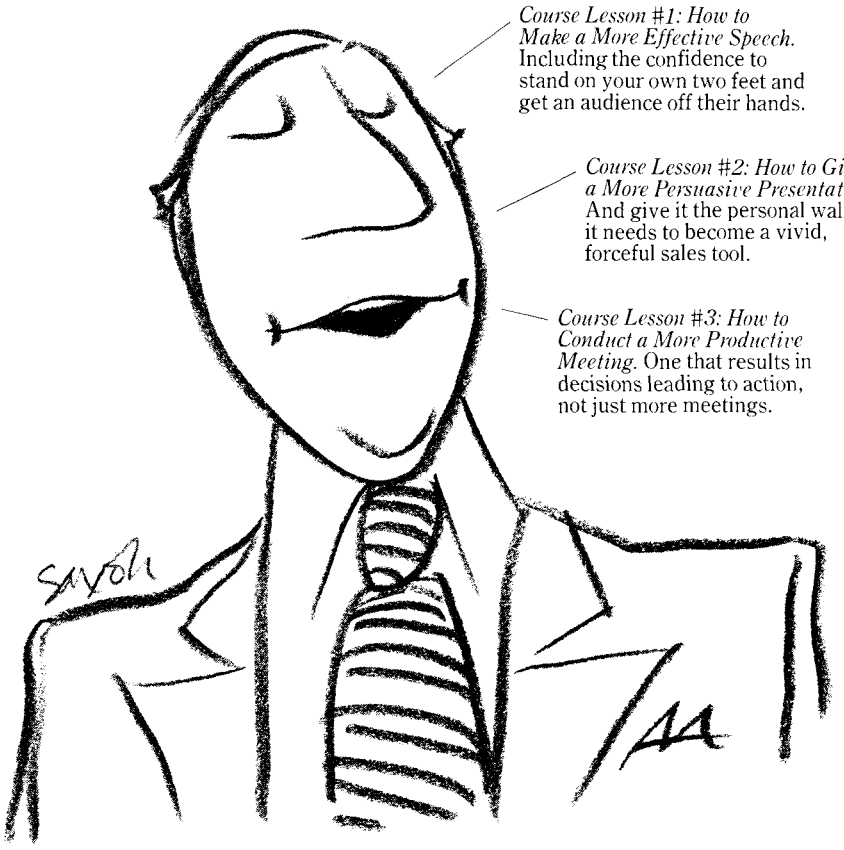
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sented, especially those from France. Chardin, Nattier, Ingres, and Delacroix are each present in top form.

The fact that the collection lives as a meaningful survey despite its maddening installation is little less than miraculous. In a block-long room blazing with light from side windows, the paintings are shown freestanding, interred in "crystal plaques." No partitions divide the gigantic gallery; no rest areas encourage contemplation; no work of art is seen isolated against a wall. From first to last, one is confronted by a sea of paintings and sculpture, each bent on destroying the works behind it. The whole experience is dizzying and demands rigid concentration on the part of the viewer if he is to avoid severe vertigo as he tries to distinguish among competing objects. There is, after all, nothing like a good old-fashioned wall as a mooring place for pictures.

The story of how São Paulo acquired its collection is interesting. The museum, opened in 1947, was founded by Assis Chateaubriand, a successful Brazilian entrepreneur in the field of communications. Immediately after World War II he began his search for French art and wisely acquired it before prices became exorbitantly high. With a tutored eye and unbounded enthusiasm, he persuaded well-to-do Brazilian business colleagues to join him in amassing works for the new museum. The collection he spearheaded is by all odds the best public one in South America and, for that matter, one of the most distinguished nineteenth-century French surveys in the world. Yet the going was not always easy. At one point, gossip in Brazil intimated that numerous paintings in the museum were of doubtful authenticity. Only by lending the collection to the Orangerie in Paris and to other prestigious institutions in Brussels, Utrecht, London, Düsseldorf, Berne, and Milan was the good name of the new museum restored. Shortly thereafter the works moved on to Toledo, Ohio, and to New York, where they were shown at the Metropolitan. One can only question whether doubts about authenticity could have been any more damaging than this pattern of relentless travel. Yet according to the museum's catalog, "The international prestige [the collection having been overseas for four years] made the name of the museum unshakable. . . ." And for my money that includes not only the name of the museum but also that of Assis Chateaubriand, after whom the institution is now appropriately named. □

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Experiment With Radical Reform

Five years ago this spring, Brown University, a venerable and traditionally conservative member of the prestigious Ivy League, launched a program of academic reform more radical than that attempted by any other major university. The New Curriculum, as it was called, was widely publicized and acclaimed. The Harvard *Crimson* published a long two-part report on the program, a description was included in a report of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, and applications from bright high school seniors flooded the admissions office.

This spring an Ad Hoc Committee to Review the Baccalaureate Degree Requirements contented itself with recommending only minor changes in the program. But in the process the committee once again raised a number of basic issues about the mission of the university, and Brown's experience since 1969 provides a classic case history of the rewards and the frustrations that accompany attempts to reform complex educational institutions.

The new curriculum was designed to allow—and to stimulate—students to take more responsibility for their own education. Therefore, the traditional academic structures were largely eliminated in an effort to make it possible for students to design a program of study that would serve their own interests and desires. Specifically, all course requirements were eliminated, and distribution requirements were jettisoned. New emphasis was given to student initiative by allowing as many independent studies as a student wished, and students were permitted to create their own courses and programs. At the same time the mandatory A, B, C grading system was eliminated, and students were allowed to take as many of their courses as they wished on a satisfactory/no-credit basis.

The other major element of the new curriculum was the introduction of a program called Modes of Thought courses, designed primarily to place freshmen in small, informal classes, where they would have close contact with stimulating faculty and would be introduced to the underlying concepts that relate the different areas of knowledge—in contrast to the usual freshman survey courses. Clearly, the elements of Brown's new curriculum were not new, but rarely has so dramatic an attempt been made to revolutionize the whole fabric of a university's academic life.

A crucial element in Brown's experiment in radical reform was the fact that it was student-initiated and largely student-designed and that students played a major role in shepherding the new curriculum through the intricate process of faculty and administration approval. The revolution started slowly. During the 1966–67 school year, a group of students met regularly to study the history of American higher education as background for assessing their own undergraduate experiences. At first the group had in view an experimental college or a free university associated with the parent institution, but they gradually concluded that their objective should be a thorough re-examination of the entire university curriculum.

During the summer of 1967, the university provided financial support for the group to continue their studies and, the following year, set up a committee to consider their proposals. In succeeding months, as the proposals were debated, substantial numbers of students and faculty became involved in re-examining their assumptions about the nature and purpose of education. The culmination came in May 1969, when, after three days of deliberation and debate, the faculty approved fundamental changes in the university's academic life.

But as one senior, a member of the first class to enter Brown under the new curriculum, put it last spring: "The golden age that everyone perceived four years ago just hasn't materialized. It is easy to tear down structures, but the old attitudes remain."

A number of obvious reasons explain why the new curriculum never fully fulfilled its golden promise. Almost immediately after Brown's academic revolution, the university, like most other private colleges and universities, was caught in a severe financial crunch. Many of the programs initiated were never fully funded. A massive counseling program, designed to help students make the transition from high school to the new academic freedom of the university, never got off the ground. Developing Modes of Thought seminars was never made compulsory for departments, and faculty who volunteered to sponsor MOTs or independent-study projects had to do so in addition to their regular departmental teaching load—and without additional compensation. The old academic structures had been eliminated, but new structures within which fresh approaches to instruction and learning could function were never developed.

The faculty, too, reflected a wide range of attitudes toward radical change in the university. Some members, including widely respected scholars, responded enthusiastically to change. Others, although welcoming the effort to reduce academic competition, felt strongly, as one department chairman put it, that the new curriculum failed "to take into account the character and traditions of the university."

But most important, perhaps, were the changing attitudes of the students who came to Brown in the Seventies. Many members of the first class that entered Brown under the new curriculum caught the enthusiasm for change that had been generated on campus, and they made the most of the freedom offered them. But the following spring, Cambodia and Kent State marked the end of the euphoria of the Sixties on campuses all over the country. Academic realities re-asserted themselves. Satisfactory/no-credit grades posed a threat to acceptance by graduate and professional schools rather than an opportunity for intellectual exploration and self-discovery. Students became more pragmatic, accepting, career-oriented. Today only a few perceive the vision of a "golden age."

Judgments on Brown's experiment in radical educational reform range from "it's dead" to assertions that all that is necessary is a little tinkering with the new curriculum. However, it seems more accurate to say that although Brown's revolution of 1969 never fulfilled its promise, it has provided for many students a free environment for learning, rather than merely professional preparation for graduate school—and it still does so for those who desire it.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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Something Better Than Binet?

Viewing intelligence as a learned skill and not a genetic gift may make the standard IQ test a thing of the pedagogical past.

by Arthur Whimbey

A radical redefinition of intelligence is emerging from a growing number of studies that regard the specific capabilities measured by IQ tests as an important, but trainable, pattern of intellectual skills. These studies lead to the conclusion that IQ tests do not measure innate intellectual capacity, but rather a group of learned skills that can be taught in the classroom or in the home. Specifically, they measure the learned ability to form relationships with verbal and symbolic concepts.

Five and a half years ago, Arthur R. Jensen rocked the educational world with his scholarly study of race and intelligence in the *Harvard Educational Review*, in which he concluded that blacks are intellectually inferior to whites and that the difference between the races is overwhelmingly due to genetic factors. Therefore, he asserted, compensatory educational programs are bound to fail, and minority children who have inherited low intelligence can never master the standard academic curriculum.

Jensen's study touched off a new round in a controversy that has simmered ever since modern intelligence testing began in 1904, when Alfred Binet, Parisian minister of education, was charged with the construction of a test to separate slow learners from other pupils so that they could be placed in special remedial classes. The debate over the relative importance of genetic and environmental factors in determining intelligence has been heated and sometimes acrimonious, but conclusive evidence has proved elusive. The new studies suggest, however, that while genetic factors may influence the development and expression of intelligence, the extent of this influence depends upon the environment in which a child is raised.

Nevertheless, it is important to recognize that children do come to school with varying IQs—that they do differ, as Jensen points out, in "the ability to learn the traditional scholastic subjects." Only by recognizing this can the new methods of training intelligence be further developed and incorporated into school programs so that all pupils will have a more nearly equal chance for academic success and later professional advancement.

The researchers who have developed programs for training intelligence typically have begun with an analysis of the errors and thinking difficulties of students with low academic aptitude. Two such descriptions are notably thorough and revealing. Carl Bereiter's and Siegfried Engelmann's book, *Teaching Disadvantaged Children in the Preschool*, analyzes the lack of scholastic readiness that slum youngsters bring to elementary school, which, in turn, is responsible for their spiraling deficiencies in reading and arithmetic as they advance through the grades. Benjamin Bloom's and Lois Broder's *The Problem-Solving Process of College Students* focuses on the inappropriate "mental habits" of low-aptitude college students. What is most interesting about the two studies is that although they treat opposite extremes on the educational continuum, they present almost identical pictures of the thinking patterns characterizing low-ability students.

With both pre-schoolers and young adults, poor comprehension and reasoning ability may be traced to three principal causes: (1) inadequate attention to the details of the problem to be solved, (2) inadequate utilization of prior knowledge that would help in solving the problem, and (3) absence of sequential, step-by-step analysis of the relationships among the ideas involved. These three thinking characteristics are, of course, interrelated, but it has proved useful to distinguish among them in understanding the nature of low academic aptitude and in guiding the improvement of low-aptitude students.

Both Bereiter/Engelmann and Bloom/Broder found a distinct set of personality differences between high- and low-aptitude students closely tied to these cognitive failings. Bloom and Broder note that low-aptitude students are "inclined to take the view that in solving problems, reasoning is of little value and that either one knows the answer to a problem at once or one does not." Similarly, Bereiter and Engelmann observe: "Faced with problems that could be dealt with by a 'one-shot' approach, these students were able to perform adequately, but when faced with complex problems that could not be solved except by a sequence of steps, such students would brood a while and then say, 'I don't know the answer to that one.' Answers either had to be grasped at once, or they were inaccessible."

THE PROBLEM-SOLVING APPROACH of low-aptitude college students is illustrated by their responses to intelligence test items (see box). Consider the figural-reasoning item. In the case of one student of very low aptitude with whom I worked, the instruction to compare the first two figures was not sufficient; he had to be explicitly asked to count the lines before answering, "Two less lines." Then, when asked to compare the next two figures, he quickly replied, "Two less lines," although in this step only one line was deleted. Moreover, when he finished the last comparison, he didn't review the series carefully to form an encompassing rule—one that would have allowed him to select the correct answer. Instead, he jumped quickly to one of the wrong answers.

On the verbal-reasoning item, low-IQ students, being unskilled in sequential analysis, pick an answer that is not based on a sufficiently detailed consideration of the relationships involved. *Foot* might be chosen as an answer, on the "reasoning" that elbow and shoulder are parts of the arm, while knee and foot belong to the leg. Or the alternative *ankle* might be selected because it is a joint, in keeping with elbow, shoulder, and knee.

Several low-aptitude students whom I tested were unable to answer the "Grace Plumbuster" reading-comprehension question. The sentence basically requires that each point be clarified so that it can contribute to the interpretation of the ideas that follow. A high-aptitude

Arthur Whimbey, professor of psychology at New Orleans's Dillard University, is author of Intelligence Can Be Taught, *to be published by E. P. Dutton in the fall.* *His research has been partially supported by the National Institute of Mental Health.*

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student does this so automatically that he is hardly aware of his own mental activities. Only when he meets with an especially intricate or confusing series of ideas does his sequential sorting become "intentional" and conscious. However, to the low-aptitude student the pattern of gradual, sequential reconstruction of an author's meaning is foreign.

Several researchers have pointed out the basic difference between the approach of cognitive therapy and that of Project Head Start. Head Start is founded on the theory that broad perceptual enrichment—clay molding, painting, experience with a wide range of toys, friendly social exchanges, field trips—will compensate for the cultural disadvantages of underprivileged children and will stimulate their academic thinking ability. Cognitive therapy, on the other hand, sees certain types of parent-child verbal interactions as the crucial advantage provided by middle-class homes. To a much greater extent in middle-class, than in lower-class, homes, verbal exchanges explain causes of events, ask and answer questions, point to perceptual discriminations, classify objects by function or other significant characteristics—and, in general, form the basis of academic readiness when the child enters school. Lacking such home background, culturally disadvantaged pre-schoolers need direct training in thinking and in language skills more urgently than they need broad perceptual enrichment.

The Bereiter and Engelmann preschool program illustrates the general characteristics of the direct-training approach to stimulating intelligence. The pre-school class consists of fifteen four-year-old children and three teachers, bringing the pupil-teacher ratio to a low five-to-one. Each teacher has a specialty area: language (with the emphasis on verbal reasoning rather than on expression), reading, or arithmetic. The class splits into three groups, which go into separate rooms for instruction in one of the three areas. The groups periodically change rooms so that each child receives instruction in all three areas every day. Teaching sessions are twenty minutes long and are distributed over two hours —with intervening periods for lunch, singing, reading, and story discussion.

Analytical reasoning and sequential deduction is taught with a variety of problem tasks. For example, a lesson in *if-then* reasoning begins by placing five squares on the blackboard—two big white ones, one small white one, and two small red ones. The children then learn to draw correct conclusions of the following type:

If a square is red, it is ——. (little)
If a square is big, it is ——. (white)
If a square is little, it is ——. (white or red)
If a square is *not* white, it is ——. (little)

Subsequently, *if-then*s in everyday situations are demonstrated.

Ideas such as these are presented gradually. The teacher continually asks questions to ensure that she has the children's attention and that they are learning. Occasionally a question is directed at one particular child; but for the most part the children answer in unison, thereby drawing them all into the lesson. In addition to teaching general thinking ability, the respective classes teach specific content material in arithmetic and reading.

A battery of standardized tests has evaluated the effectiveness of the program. Bereiter reports that in four recent replications of the project, IQ gains have averaged fifteen points. Moreover, on the wide-range achievement test, the children score approximately a year above their age norms in reading and arithmetic. Without pre-school training, such underprivileged children generally fall significantly below the national norms.

The Milwaukee Project, under the directorship of Rick Heber, is another noteworthy experiment in compensatory education. It has probably continued over a longer period of time than any other intelligence-training study ever undertaken, and, not surprisingly, it has produced the most dramatic gains in IQ.

The project began with a survey of the IQs of schoolchildren in a section of Milwaukee that had the lowest family income, poorest housing, and highest index of overcrowding. Maternal IQ was found to be a factor of primary importance—the lower a mother's IQ, the lower her child's IQ tended to be. Repeated home visits made by the researchers, however, convinced them that this maternal influence on IQ was not necessarily hereditary. Instead, they observed that low-IQ mothers create a distinct verbal-social environment that appears to be responsible for the perpetuation of low intelligence.

In 1966 the Infant Education Center was established so that it could be seen whether this slum-related form of low mental ability could be prevented. Forty mothers whose IQs were less than 75, and who were, for the most part, illiterate, participated on a voluntary basis. The newborn infants of one-half of the mothers were selected for the experimental group, while the remainder served as a control group. Teachers visited the infants of the experimental group for several hours a day shortly after they

What Do IQ Tests Measure?

These IQ test questions illustrate three different expressions of the reasoning ability which is called academic intelligence:

Test Item 1. Figural Reasoning

Instructions: The first four figures below change in a systematic manner according to some rule. Your task is to discover the rule and choose from among the alternatives the figure that should occur next in the series.

I. II. III. IV.

Alternatives

A. B. C. D. E.

Test Item 2. Verbal Reasoning

Elbow is to Shoulder as Knee is to _____.

(A) Foot (B) Ankle (C) Hip (D) Wrist

Test Item 3. Reading Comprehension

If a serious literary critic were to write a favorable, full-length review of *How Could I Tell Mother She Frightened My Boyfriends Away,* Grace Plumbuster's new story, his startled readers would assume either that he had gone mad or that Grace Plumbuster was HIS editor's wife.

To whom does the capitalized "HIS" (third word from the end) refer?

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had been brought home from the hospital, until they were about three months old. After that, the mothers took their children to the center. Each child received a wide variety of stimulation (designed to develop perceptual, motor, and language abilities) from an adult on a one-to-one basis, until he was two years old. The mother, in turn, was invited into a program of instruction in homemaking and baby-care skills, and vocational training.

At two years of age, the child was placed in a class with five other youngsters and three teachers; by age four the class size was increased to eight; and at age five the class size rose to eleven. The program ran from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., Monday through Friday. Basically, the training was similar to that used by Bereiter and Engelmann. However, the smaller student-teacher ratio and the greater amount of teacher time (in terms of both hours per day and duration of the program) allowed for more personal attention, a broader range of thinking exercises and academic topics, and more freedom in instructional format.

The children were tested regularly so that the effects of the training could be evaluated. On various measures of academic and cognitive abilities, the experimental group greatly outscored the control group, which had been left to mature in the slum environment. Specifically in the most recent testing, at the age of five and a half years, the mean IQ of the experimentals was 124, whereas the control group's mean was thirty points lower. In fact, some of the experimental children registered IQs as high as 135; this is especially remarkable when contrasted with their mothers' IQs of less than 75.

Heber is reserved in commenting on just how successful the compensatory program has been in affecting long-term behavior. The Wisconsin group will continue to collect test data on the children for a number of years. However, Heber does point out that it is hard to imagine these children ever backsliding to the academic deficiency typically found among children raised by low-IQ mothers in low-income homes.

The procedure directed at improving the academic-thinking skills of older students, developed by Bloom and Broder, illustrates the three primary features of cognitive therapy: (1) demonstrate to the student the mental processes of analytical thinking, (2) require extensive response from the student during problem solving so that his thinking can be monitored, and (3) provide feedback and correction of the student's thinking.

Bloom and Broder began by asking high-aptitude students to think aloud while solving academic-reasoning problems. These introspective reports were designated "model solutions" and were employed in the training program. The actual training was conducted on an individual basis with under-achieving university students who volunteered for the remedial program.

The trainee was told that problem solving is a skill much like playing tennis or golf and that the remedial program was designed to teach this skill. Training began with the trainee's being required to think aloud while attempting to solve a reasoning problem. His solution to the problem was reviewed and discussed, and then the pattern of a model's solution to the problem was read. Subsequently, the trainee was asked to make a list of the differences between his solution and that of the model. The instructor emphasized that the trainee should look for differences that occurred regularly, rather than those that were unique to individual problems. In a short time the student was able to compile a list of the differences between his solution and the model's solution to a problem.

In the sessions that followed, the time was divided between practice in acquiring the approach used by the model and comparison and analysis of solutions. During practice the student thought aloud as he solved problems, he frequently referred to the list he had made of differences between his solution and the model's, and he tried to apply general principles derived from the list. The instructor continually reminded him to evaluate his approach and to consider the steps he thought the model would take with the problem at hand.

No standardized tests of academic aptitude or IQ were used in evaluating the effects of the training. Bloom's and Broder's primary interest was raising academic achievement through the improvement of thinking skills, and so scholastic grades were taken as the criterion of success. Comparison with various control groups indicated that grades on comprehensive examinations did increase to a statistically significant degree, and students, who were originally failing and on probation, were able to continue in college. In a slightly modified replication of the experiment, improvement was found to be directly related to time spent in training. Those students who attended many training sessions made the greatest gains in academic grades; those who attended only a few sessions, little or none.

Intelligence tests have been widely and profitably used for some seventy years; nevertheless, the precise definition of intelligence remains stubbornly elusive. The recent intelligence-training studies have focused on the mental patterns that distinguish high-IQ pupils from low-IQ pupils and have given educators new insights regarding the nature of intelligence. Moreover, the picture of intelligence obtained from these studies agrees well with the definition of intelligence suggested by Binet, who saw intelligence

"We raised her to be independent, but this is carrying it a bit too far."

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as composed of perception and the active mental reconstruction of events and relationships in the external world.

The intelligence-training studies have taught students to perceive all elements of a problem accurately and then take the necessary steps to effect an analysis and mental reconstruction of the relationships among the elements. This view of intelligence as an information-processing skill is undoubtedly only one dimension of a complete theory of intelligence. Quite likely there are neurological correlates of skilled thinking, and analyses of intelligence that focus on such neurological mechanisms will contribute additional perspectives to our understanding. (It is noteworthy that training can affect such neurological functions as the Alpha pattern.) Nevertheless, this conception summarizes the common core of mental activities that the cognitive therapy studies have focused on—the mental activities that distinguish the successful reasoning of persons of high IQ from what Bereiter and Engelmann call the one-shot thinking of persons of low IQ.

Viewing intelligence as a skill does not preclude the possibility that genetic factors may influence its development and expression. However, the question of whether genetic factors produce IQ differences—either within a race or between races—is really of only secondary interest to educators. The primary question is what can be accomplished through education. If pedagogical methods can be found that allow all people to assume a productive role in our literate-technical culture, then genetic differences become largely irrelevant.

Jensen focuses on this primary question when he contends that programs of compensatory education are doomed to failure because they cannot counteract the overwhelming influence that genetics has on intelligence. However, the evidence appears not to bear him out. The intelligence-training studies—only a small sample of which have been cited here—stand as a strong counter-argument. Many children must be taught by the schools *how* to comprehend, analyze, and integrate academic and technical materials. Appropriate learning-to-learn instructional methods are being developed and tested in a number of experimental programs. When perfected for incorporation into the entire educational system, these methods may give all children an equal chance for academic and professional success, irrespective of social-class and home background. □

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Education

Letter to My School Board

by Nickolaus L. Engelhardt

For two decades public school enrollments had been growing. Demands had mounted for new buildings, increased staff, more equipment, and bigger administrative organizations. Now decline has set in, and enrollments will continue to drop for many years. This fact should be reflected in reduced school expenditures, but in many districts annual budgets continue to rise—not only because of inflation but also, and primarily, because the educational community finds it hard to shift gears from an era of rapid growth to a period of decline.

Between now and 1980 public school enrollments will probably decrease by 10 percent. In a random sampling of ten school districts that had competent enrollment forecasts, only two predicted any increase. The other eight districts forecast probable losses of 14 to 30 percent.

This decline in school population should make it possible for many districts to cut expenses, reduce budgets, and lower tax rates. Some boards of education have already moved in this direction on two broad fronts: First, school staffs and building needs can be reduced, along with equipment and services. Second, enlightened school boards and administrators are turning to cost-cutting controls used by business and are finding that they can save considerable money through better use of people, equipment, services, and buildings. Here are a few specific steps that can be taken:

Start with your principals. Have each one list the tasks he is responsible for and the time he spends on each. You'll be surprised how many of his responsibilities can be handled by a first-class secretary or clerk. Many principals complain that they are so bogged down with minutiae that they can devote only about 30 percent of their time to educational matters. If they could spend 70 percent, central supervisors wouldn't be so essential. So hire a top clerk, write a new job description for the principal, and move him out of the school office into the heart of the instructional operation, where he can work with teachers and pupils.

Then turn to your teaching staff. In today's changing situation, don't replace teachers who resign or retire until you have made a comprehensive study of your instructional organization, teaching procedures, and future needs. Then consider increasing the teacher staff with the help of paraprofessionals and take a hard look at class sizes in different subject areas. For example, some school systems teach typing successfully in classes of 100, while others restrict classes to 25.

Central administrative organizations can almost always stand some streamlining. One way of starting is to prepare a detailed job description for each line and staff position and then ask each incumbent to list the tasks of his office and how much time he spends on each. You will find out whether or not more than one person feels responsible for the same job, and you can eliminate activities that don't fit the job descriptions. Then, since salaries make up 75 to 85 percent of most school budgets, try combining the functions of two positions into one: director of pupil personnel services and director of special education, for example, or director of research and evaluation with director of school-plant planning. Also, consider elimination of certain staff positions, such as elementary or subject-area supervisors, and turn their responsibilities over to those principals who are now spending 70 percent of their time on instructional matters. And as with teachers, don't fill positions vacated by resignation and retirement until a study of need has been made, preferably by an independent school management consultant.

Then take a look at the whole school system. There are many places where money can be saved without hurting the educational program. For instance, large schools are more efficient than small ones. Small and old buildings that are costly to operate and maintain should be closed. In the schools of one district, fuel-oil consumption varied from 63 to 126 gallons per pupil and electricity ranged from 108 to 286 kilowatts. It also helps to maintain a complete inventory of all materials, books, and equipment in the district. Some schools are hoarders, and you may find that you can fill a requisition from your own stock. In the same way, by maintaining central stockrooms for such things as laboratory equipment, you can avoid the duplication that usually occurs when each lab has its own storeroom.

WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL these days about helping students to learn firsthand about careers and occupations. So why not use student help in building maintenance, clerical positions, kindergartens, and lunchrooms as part of an occupational education program? At the same time, prepare manuals for the operation and maintenance of buildings and establish a custodial-training program so that you can increase efficiency and reduce staff.

Finally, consider year-round operation. It could save up to 25 percent of building facilities and enable you to close buildings or avoid new construction. Consider, too, operating on a four-day week with a longer school day, thus saving on bus transportation and operation of buildings. And review the practice of scheduling each subject five periods a week for a full year. Some courses may contain irrelevant material just for filling the time. Reducing class time would allow the teacher to serve more students.

It's going to be hard to turn our thinking around after so many years of growth and expansion, but we have to face up to the fact that the time has come for school costs to go down. □

Nickolaus L. Engelhardt is the president of Engelhardt & Engelhardt, Inc., and an education and school management consultant.

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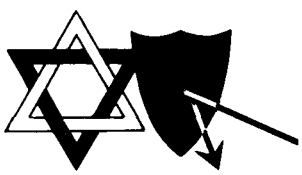

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What Do Teachers Do All Day?

by Eaton H. Conant

Everybody knows what teachers are supposed to do, but there has been remarkably little hard evidence on how they actually spend their time. Although teachers themselves have complained for many years that too much of their time is taken up with non-professional activities, their discontent has usually been shrugged off by administrators and school boards. Many tasks must be performed in a school, and they are not all equally rewarding. But it may well be that the time has come to take another look.

The first comprehensive measurement of the work that elementary school teachers do in the course of a school day was completed recently, as part of a larger study made by the author. Carried out in the public schools of Portland, Oregon, the study identified the varied tasks that teachers perform in grades one to four and the amount of time devoted to each pursuit. Observers followed each of forty-seven teachers around for a full day, recording in detail the time spent in different kinds of activities. The results are revealing in themselves and in their implications for education generally.

The central finding of the study is that teachers spend only 30 percent of their time in activities that are even remotely related to academic instruction and learning—100 minutes out of the five-and-a-half-hour school day. Of the 100 minutes, an average of 75 are devoted to language arts, 18 minutes to numbers/math, and no more than 1 or 2 minutes daily to any other curriculum area, such as science or art. And less than an hour—an average of 59 minutes a day—is spent in individual or small-group teaching, an average of about 2 minutes per child in a class of 25.

"Routine" activities, such as clerical work, housekeeping, child control, and other non-professional work, on the other hand, consume an average of 40 percent of the day. Another 10 percent of the day is accounted for by "non-learning" tasks, such as making announcements, participating in ceremonies, enforcing discipline, and the like. The remainder of the day is taken up with class planning, student evaluation, administrative work, "relaxation," and out-of-class free time.

FROM OUR OBSERVATIONS it is clear that teachers in charge of twenty-five children are very busy individuals. Time recorded for the "relaxation" or free-time categories was so small that it left only bare traces in our records. But teachers are handed a mixed bundle of professional and non-professional tasks to perform, and the non-professional activities tend to crowd out the opportunities for teaching. If we assume that there is some relationship between student achievement and the amount and intensity of time devoted to teaching, changes clearly need to be made. Our observations suggest that teachers should be removed from the "homeroom" work role, where the tyranny of non-professional tasks is imposed. They should visit classes or learning groups only to teach. Non-professional duties should be performed by paraprofessionals or others. The variables of an instructional system can be manipulated in many ways so that teachers can achieve the kind of continuing contact with children that we expect from professionals. But unless specific organizational changes are made, the work patterns we observed will persist, to the disadvantage of children, teachers, and society. □

Eaton H. Conant is director of the Industrial Relations Institute, College of Business, University of Oregon, and author of Teacher and Paraprofessional Work Productivity, A Public School Cost-Effectiveness Study, *(D. C. Heath Co., Lexington, Mass., 1973).*

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 11

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 56.*

EGF YEG LUBAVH OD
UEXXF QUB CL EVVBQDH
JUD XEJCDGZD BN UCL
QCND, JUD JBVDWEGZD
BN UCL ZUCVHWDG
EGH JUD ENNDZJCBG
BN QECJDWL.
YCZUEDV EWVDG

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Reasons for Keeping It Clean

Words that used to appear in literature as a letter followed by a series of dashes or asterisks are now spelled out in full, and to them have been added words that were never even implied in literature until fairly recently. In some respects, this is a commendable step in the direction of honesty and realism, but of course it also creates its own new reality, and words that once had tremendous shock value have lost much of their pungency.

Of all the reasons for delicacy in speech, I suppose the best is the obvious one: If you use language that might be offensive, someone might be offended. That's not my favorite reason, though. My favorite reason is that if you can get a reputation for saying things like "jiminy!" and "gee whiskers!" in moments of extreme agitation, you have a potent weapon in reserve. You can produce devastating effects with only a mildly daring expletive.

Because of the new freedom, it's not so easy to shock with words as it used to be, but it's still possible if you've maintained purity of heart and tongue. It's much too late for people like me. Your linguistic restraint has to be a lifelong habit if you want its temporary suspension to be effective.

I got a letter from my sister the other day that demonstrates, among other things, what the pulling out of one small stop can do when the pulling is done by someone with a reputation for reserve.

I've mentioned my niece, Elizabeth, in these columns before—how, at age two and a half, she said, "It's all one," leading me to believe that we had a mystic in the family, until I realized she'd meant, "Let's all run." Well, Elizabeth is now twenty, and she has somehow remained pure of heart and tongue.

Elizabeth practically learned to walk in ban-the-bomb marches, and like many of today's very bright young people, she's been an effective political activist for several years. Stephanie (that's my sister) said in the letter that while Elizabeth was still in high school, she had drafted some excellent legislation to ban non-returnable bottles in Connecticut. Her bill, which was introduced by several of Connecticut's representatives in the state house, was based on the Oregon bill, which has eliminated bottle and can trash in Oregon (which is also ecologically beneficial). Elizabeth not only drafted the bill but also worked for its passage for three years. Each year the Connecticut Legislature Environmental Committee simply gets bought off by the bottle industry, and the bill is never voted out of committee. The bill means a great deal to her, and she had been assured that it would be voted out of committee this year.

"I have a surprise for you, George. Remember when I said we never do anything together?"

Stephanie and Elizabeth were in the new family home in Nova Scotia when a letter arrived, forwarded from the Connecticut State Legislature Environmental Committee. Stephanie says, "As she read the letter, tears filled her eyes and she breathed, 'Oh, the lousy bastard!' That is not the way Elizabeth talks, and I was somewhat concerned." Here's the letter:

> In recent weeks you were among a number of Connecticut voters who took the time to write to me urging the passage of the Oregon Bottle Bill in this session. I apologize for resorting to a form letter response, but otherwise it would be impossible to report to you all on the status of the legislation. . . .

It goes on to say that the bill was again killed in committee and that the letter writer, a man named Churchill, of Durham, had voted with the majority.

Elizabeth wrote to the Connecticut Legislature Environmental Committee:

> Dear Lousy Bastards:
> I am sorry to have to resort to a form letter, but there are so many lousy bastards on this committee that it is impossible for me to attack each of you individually. If you don't think the Connecticut voters know that for the last four years you've been dodging the issue of the bottle bill, then you're not only SOBs but idiots. The issue is not one of a "Susie Spotless" campaign, but a serious effort to cut down on solid waste, energy consumption, and the waste of our resources. It's been obvious that for many of you the issue has been how much the bottle industry pays. . . . I've had it with all you spineless, *stupid*, industry-owned, lily-livered public servants.

If "lousy bastards" and "SOBs" roll easily off your tongue—if, for instance, they're frequent epithets for rival motorists—you've weakened their effectiveness. But I doubt that Elizabeth has ever used the terms before, so their impact on me was tremendous.

I doubt that the letter had much effect on the Environmental Committee, but it might give a lift to some of Connecticut's Frustrated Voters.

I know it would if they knew Elizabeth. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 55): Any man should be happy who is allowed the patience of his wife, the tolerance of his children, and the affection of waiters.
Michael Arlen

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Double-Crostic No. 50

by Thomas H. Middleton

						1 C	2 Z¹		3 U		4 D	5 V	6 P		7 F	8 Q		9 U
10 T	11 P	12 Z¹	13 K	14 E	15 W	16 C	17 Q	18 V		19 X	20 D	21 A		22 W	23 E	24 X	25 Q	
26 H	27 Z	28 L	29 A		30 H	31 U	32 F	33 X	34 V	35 Y	36 J	37 D	38 K	39 W	40 C		41 A	42 T
43 Q	44 V		45 D	46 F	47 G	48 M	49 W	50 I		51 P	52 U		53 P	54 U	55 A	56 J	57 O	58 M
59 S	60 B	61 E	62 K	63 Y	64 Q		65 T	66 F	67 I	68 U	69 N	70 E	71 D	72 P		73 G	74 Z¹	75 N
76 Q		77 R	78 V	79 B		80 O	81 G	82 E	83 F	84 L	85 N	86 U	87 H	88 J		89 M		90 V
	91 R	92 E	93 Q	94 W	95 G	96 S		97 C	98 N	99 L	100 P		101 J	102 T		103 H	104 W	105 I
106 M		107 Z¹	108 D	109 M		110 J	111 G	112 B		113 C	114 Y		115 L	116 Z¹	117 E		118 W	119 N
120 F	121 U	122 M		123 H	124 J	125 S	126 Q	127 X	128 V	129 I	130 M	131 K		132 G	133 F	134 P		135 I
136 L	137 Y	138 S		139 T		140 S	141 H	142 Z	143 B		144 Y	145 I	146 Q	147 J		148 G	149 V	
150 M	151 U	152 P	153 I	154 W		155 W	156 D		157 S	158 C		159 W	160 J	161 R	162 G	163 N		164 X
165 C	166 H	167 S	168 M	169 B	170 L	171 E			172 T	173 Z	174 P	175 H	176 R		177 Y	178 B		179 L	180 X
181 J	182 C	183 I		184 O	185 M	186 S			187 Z	188 H	189 S		190 K	191 Y	192 O	193 P		194 D	195 O
196 G	197 V	198 U	199 F	200 M	201 P	202 R			203 H	204 C	205 L	206 Y	207 Q	208 M	209 X	210 S	211 U	212 V	
213 R	214 E	215 Y	216 O	217 T	218 H			219 K	220 F	221 Z	222 C	223 I						

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Pitcher; stake	21 29 41 55
B. Doctrines	60 79 112 143 169 178
C. Put out	182 204 222 1 16 40 97 113 158 165
D. Closely observant	4 20 37 71 108 156 194 45
E. Apprehensions	70 82 214 14 23 61 92 117 171
F. Big box office draw of the silent screen (full name)	199 220 7 32 46 66 83 120 133
G. Widespread or powerful movement, opinion, or tendency (2 wds.)	148 196 95 111 162 73 132 47 81
H. Loathsome; hateful	87 123 141 175 188 203 26 166 218 30 103
I. American legislator (1869–1931), Speaker of the House, 1925–31	105 129 153 50 135 145 183 67 223
J. Regard; opinion	36 56 88 101 124 110 147 160 181
K. Irish journalist, political leader, author of the "No Rent" manifesto (1852–1928)	190 219 13 38 62 131
L. Often undesirable or hampering superfluity	205 84 99 115 136 170 28 179
M. Bunch pink (2 wds.)	200 89 109 122 150 130 208 106 185 48 168 58
N. Topics	75 119 163 69 85 98

CLUES	WORDS
O. Goosefish	184 195 80 192 216 57
P. 1909 song by Cobb and Flynn (comp.)	72 152 11 51 174 100 134 193 53 201 6
Q. Moving ahead; advancing (3 wds.)	8 25 64 76 93 146 43 207 17 126
R. Provide (an arrow) with a feather	91 202 213 77 161 176
S. "The ___ never enjoys himself except for a noble purpose" (A. P. Herbert, *Uncommon Law*)	189 210 125 186 59 96 140 138 157 167
T. Ensiform	10 65 217 42 102 139 172
U. Restraint; the state of being fettered	198 31 211 151 3 68 54 86 9 52 121
V. Conversion from one condition or system to another	90 78 5 44 128 212 149 197 18 34
W. Incapable of being understood; transcending human experience	159 39 154 49 155 118 104 22 94 15
X. "Bound by gold chains about ___ of God" (Tennyson, "The Passing of Arthur," 2 wds.)	164 19 33 180 209 24 127
Y. Chastity	177 63 114 137 144 206 191 215 35
Z. Not concealed or secret	27 142 173 221 187
Z¹. Egyptian goddess of hunting and war	2 12 74 107 116

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 49* appears on page 31.

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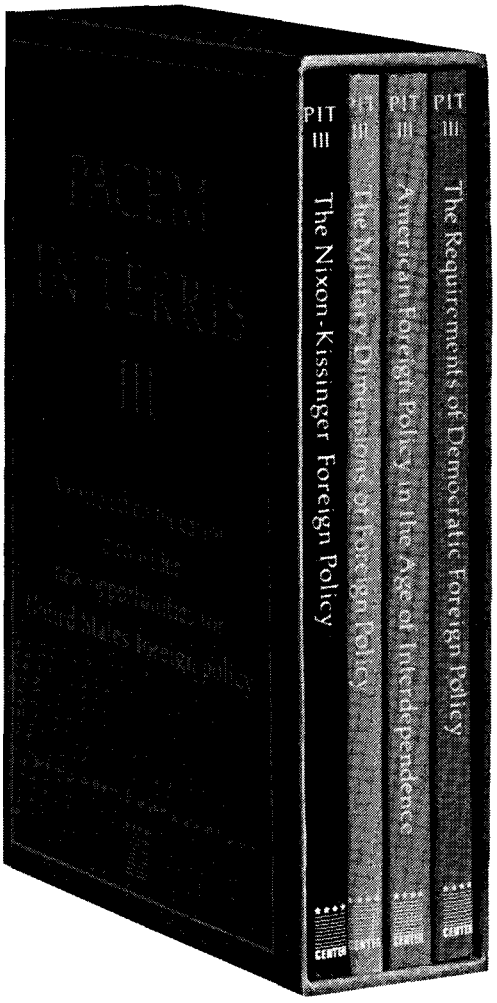
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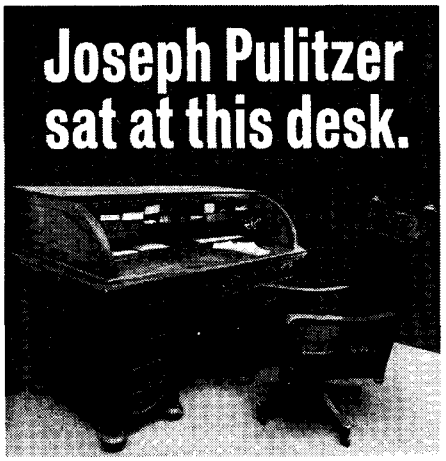

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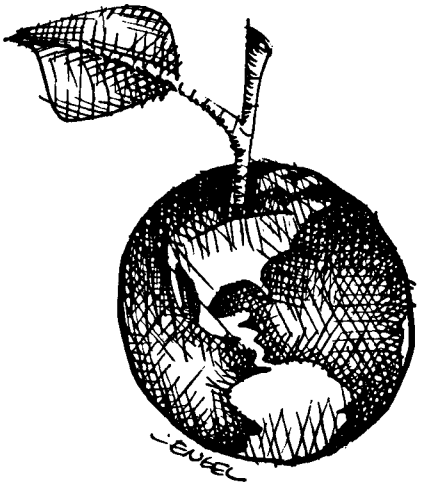

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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